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“GIVING HIM THE SLIP”

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“GIVING HIM THE SLIP”

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QUOTE BOARD

After waking up broke one day, he said, "I spent most of my money on dresses, skirts, soft lingerie, makeup, and high heels. The rest I guess I just WASTED!!!"

(Publisher's note: This story was sent to us via the CPL. [Cyber Propulsion Lab] I was told it was "bounced" off black hole #487849, which can warp time. I am publishing it as transmitted. WARNING. You can believe it or not.)

GIVING HIM THE SLIP

Concept By Sandy Thomas

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Throughout the history of man, nature has created many a setback against the fury of man's aggressive nature to change the world. He fought against weather by building shelter, against disease by creating new medicines, built roads to facilitate transportation, and developed drugs to cure nature's microscopic attacks. The natural evolutionary process of that physical work was to make the species stronger.

Man even fought against war, the primitive nature to control his fellow man and weaker species by making weapons so powerful as to create an outcome too scary for even the "button pusher". This, and the escalating cost of maintaining and developing huge arsenals of devastating weapons, resulted in the end of the cold war and the closing of most military bases.

Was this what "GOD" wanted man to do? After all, he gave man this "brain", right? If a few weaker species got in the way and became extinct, those were nature's rules, right? SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST!!!

The only debate at this time is "Could man have foreseen what happened. If he did, could he have saved the world as he knew it? Was it worth saving, or was it saved by what actually happened?"

THE BEGINNING

No one really knows exactly when it all started. Maybe the search for youth is an instinctive part of man's nature. Then again, maybe as the world brought forth new and exciting new advances, mankind wanted to "see" the future. However, historians view that as being not too different from the dinosaurs extinction.

"Small changes having overwhelming consequences."

The first indication that went unnoticed was changes that developed in the family unit. Psychologists now (hind-sight), should have been able to see that the breaking down of role models in society would have drastic consequences. They know now that when women got the vote, society would change. But in their defense, it happened so slowly. Unfortunately for MANKIND, no one with any import or following saw it coming.

One debate is "Why couldn't the men with those great minds see that women having a vote, a voice in the selection of their leaders, would lead to them wanting more power in the home, as well as in society?"

Perhaps, the failing of the Equal Rights Amendment in the early eighties lulled the men into a false sense of security, but even with that, nothing drastic happened until the fall of 2008 even though the signs were clearly written on the wall. That's when the FEM movement started in California, particularity in a small community near Los Angeles. Again, why didn't the men see IT coming?

Oh sure, the attitudes of women were changing. The divorce rate was high, single mothers worked, inflation forced women from the home into the work place in order to aid in the financial security of the family.

Threatened by being labeled as an inadequate provider, men attempted to prevent this at first, but financial pressures finally got to everyone. Eventually, the traditional "housewife" became a thing of the past.

Oh, men fought the trend alright, but in the end, they gave way as women in turn gave up the Cinderella image for that of "family partner."

Men figured having a few extra dollars from the "little woman's" paycheck was nice. At first, they felt comfort at being able to say, "She works, but I still make more and 'support' the family."

Thus, the wife came home from her hourly and underpaid (compared to men) jobs, cooked dinner, and basically did the same household chores as before.

Historians are trying to trace back to FAMILY ONE—that first family where the wife started to earn more than her husband. They do know that the first major turmoil began during the late eighties because by that time, there were many women who made more than men. Also, there were powerful leaders in the world who were no longer discounted as being “JUST a woman.” Margaret Thatcher and Bota, for example.

Also, about that time, a growing number of corporations had come under the control of women. Affirmative action and quotas were also having a strong impact on hiring and salary equity for women. This grew to the point that more and more women became administrators and supervisors with an increasing number of men as their underlings. As this transition occurred, women commanded greater salaries than the men in their charge.

By the late nineties, a much greater percentage of women began seeking and being elected into public office at every level. With hardly anyone seeing or understanding the trend, women were becoming senators, congresspersons, governors, and mayors at the national, state, and local level all over the nation. In fact the practice was to the point that by the turn of the century, women were in the majority in all these categories. Also, by that time, women commanded far greater salaries than men on the grand scale, and most men worked under ultimate female supervision.

Also during this period, marriage rates began to decline, while unfortunately, increasing percentages of these unions ended in divorce. Many say this was due to women's inability to separate their professional authoritative attitude and demeanor from their personal lives. . . especially from the bedroom!

This being a devastating blow to their self esteem, many men withdrew from sex entirely! Whatever the reason, greater numbers of men took the attitude that women who wanted to get married preferred to make one man miserable than to make many men happy.

Quite obviously, assuming the submissive characteristics women had displayed for centuries was detestable to men as a whole. Dresses, lingerie, jewelry, earrings, nylons, high heels, long hair, makeup, nail polish, and the like were considered abhorrent to the male population.

The few who did venture into those items had a tough time from their peers, but gradually, the taboos began to ease. There was that first colored shirt at IBM, and books mention that rock stars made the “one” earring standard in the music business then “two” earrings. then on to dangling multiples.

Some believe that the reversal of traditional gender roles began to accelerate only after Patricia Wardlaw was elected as the first female president of the United States, making feminine control of the government official. Perhaps having a “First Gentleman” in the White House had a greater impact on the populace than anyone realized.

We do know that the fashion industry made a dramatic turn toward unisex clothing shortly after he conducted a national television tour of the White House in a purple velvet suit with lace on the collar.

Even with that, no one seems to know exactly when the first “conversion clinics” and “twelve step” programs were opened for the inevitable reversal of traditional gender roles. However, one plausible scenario follows.

A substantial government grant to train guidance counsellors and their support staffs to reeducate and retrain the masses to survive in the new world order of feminine leadership was implemented. For that purpose, whole families were moved onto abandoned military bases for a period of one year for education and training (some say brainwashing because most of the administrators, staff, and other responsible workers on this project were female).

This led to women taking over most traditional masculine jobs in construction, labor, truck driving, police work, and the like. To the disappointment of the male population, the only jobs remaining for them were as secretaries, receptionists, bank tellers, clerks, nurses, cooks, and to their great humiliation, other non-vital services such as beauty operators!

The latter was rationalized by the logic that since almost as many men as women frequented these establishments in this changing society, why shouldn't other men attend their grooming needs?

Further distressing the men was that there weren't enough of these jobs to go around, and most of them had to assume the traditional family raising duties of housewives. . .cooking, cleaning, laundry, etc.!

As the careers progressed, a shortage of work clothes, denim and khaki pants and shirts, as well as boots, developed in the camp. Even the supply of cotton briefs, tee shirts, and boxer shorts became scant. To combat the shortage, an inventory of all such clothing was conducted by order of the camp director.

The purpose of this inventory was to determine the quantity of these items so they could be redistributed to those in greater need. For instance, a carpenter would need a pair of denim jeans and rugged boots much more than an office worker.

While this approach may sound perfectly logical on the surface, the distress the men felt over the loss of their traditional jobs was nothing compared to when they were ordered to exchange their drab pants and shirts for colorful dresses, skirts, and blouses. . .their white cotton underwear for soft nylon panties, slips, teddies, and camisoles. . .their work boots, traditional dress shoes, and casual loafers for high heel pumps!

During the days and weeks that followed, the women made good use of their newly acquired work clothes, but the men shunned their new apparel like the plague. Even to work, they elected to wear shorts, warm-ups, or dress trousers along with sneakers that hadn't been confiscated.

As one might imagine, this hodgepodge of clothing was very upsetting to the female supervisors. To combat this mishmash of apparel, a dress code was issued by executive order of the camp director. Under the threat of dismissal from the camp unless they complied with the order, all men would be required to wear dresses or skirts and blouses to work. To compliment the style, they would have to wear pumps with at least three inch heels! Women knew how outfits were supposed to be worn!

Needless to say, a near riot situation developed when the men heard this news! Hysteria abounded as they ranted and raved at home and protested in the streets.

Only a supreme effort from a special group of female soldiers and police in riot gear called the Security Watch Action Team (S.W.A.T.) was the uprising crushed. The key to their success was attributed to full cooperation of the female population and the innovative tactic of several on one confrontation.

Whenever a man became blatantly adamant in his refusal to conform to the new dress code, his wife, mother, sister, daughter would dial an emergency number. Shortly thereafter, a SWAT squad would appear to "reason with" the hostile male. While a man might overcome a woman, or even a few women, they were

no match for this band of fit, well trained, determined females in the "right".

While the SWAT squad did their work, which included a harsh verbal reprimand and a painful spanking, the women of the household remained calm and explained the necessity of the dress code to the unhappy male. "After all," they reasoned, "if you lose your job, the only vocation remaining will be either housewife or, worst of all occupations in the mind of men, clean up or better known as a maid!"

After a very active session, the SWAT enforcers left the unhappy male with a warning that further outbursts or refusals to follow directives would be dealt with more severely. Needless to say, a work force of men in dresses, skirts, and heels was in place in short order!

To their chagrin, as the working men accepted the dress code, the "housewives", or men without jobs, teased them unmercifully! As a result of this harassment, many of the skirted men came home in virtual tears. Complaints from these men's wives piled higher and higher on the director's desk, and to stop a possible revolt, she extended the dress code to include the housewives!

As one might imagine, the housewives rioted, and only after a supreme effort from the SWAT squads was order restored. That done, all men now wore dresses, skirts, lingerie, and heels regardless of their occupation!

By that time, most of the male population had experienced the intense wrath of the SWAT squadrons. These women left such a lasting impression that not one wanted them to return! Afterwards, whenever a woman wanted to discipline a disobedient or negligent male, all she had to do was threaten to call the SWAT squad.

This was similar to the ninties when all a woman had to do was threaten to call the police and charge "domestic violence." Guilty or not, men were assumed to be guilty because of "size".

Upon hearing a SWAT threat, even the bravest of men would meekly raise his skirt to his waist and lie across her lap for a severe spanking if so ordered. No wonder the men began referring to SWAT as Strong Women Assaulting Tushes!

As the weeks and months passed, turmoil in the camp began to abate. The men actually accepted their soft lingerie, dresses, and skirts. To the astonishment of the women, the men also

assumed many rituals that were previously performed exclusively by females.

For example, they shaved their legs and wore nylon stockings to make their exposed limbs more attractive. Most even began wearing makeup, mascara, and lipstick to enhance their facial features. Quite a few had their ears pierced to allow them to wear elaborate earrings, let their hair and nails grow, and had them styled and manicured by professionals who, by that time, were mostly men.

As men began to accept their submissive existence in dresses and skirts, the women became more confident, poised, and demanding. Everyone knew, getting these determined women to give up their new found freedom and authority when the clothing supply got back to normal would be next to impossible!

Everything that men believed as "fact" was changing. No wonder they didn't respond.

Records of this time are scarce to non-existent, but at the opening of the first "conversion community" for the general population might have gone something like this. With an immense grant from the government, the women purchased an entire town, complete with shopping centers, office buildings, schools, approximately five hundred houses, and a like number of apartments. Adding to its attractiveness, the town was located near a lake with a beach and boating facilities.

The first order of business was the naming of a director for this new community, and after many exhaustive interviews, the selection committee announced that the new director would be Sue Bristol. She was a popular choice with the women because she had been in charge of the clothing supply at the time of the redistribution that eventually led to the reversal of traditional dress customs.

Her appointment being announced, Sue had a busy schedule ahead. For assistant director, she chose Sarah Wilson, the head of the SWAT squads that had so effectively quelled the uprisings that could have easily become riots when the men were decreed to wear skirts. Together, Sue and Sarah worked very hard to choose the necessary department heads. Oh, they made the obligatory speeches and attended all the necessary parties, but at all other times, they worked like a beavers! (pardon the pun).

One morning after a very late meeting, Sue arose to find her husband Stacy in the kitchen fully dressed. He was wearing a white blouse, pleated green skirt, frilly apron, and his usual three inch pumps. His hair was tied in a neat ponytail with a white satin ribbon that bobbed prettily with every motion of his head. Although he was busily and efficiently going about his duties, he appeared morose with an air of sadness and defeat surrounding his now elegant bearing. Knowing his wife had been selected as the new director, he was dreading his inevitable venture outside the camp where men still wore pants.

“How are you this morning beautiful?” Sue asked in a cheerful voice while patting him playfully on the buttocks. When Stacy didn’t answer, she noticed his pouting attitude, shrugged her shoulders, and proclaimed, “I’ll take them sunny side up today.”

“Must be that time of the month,” she thought. (Men were getting very moody and there were many theories on why.) Sue smiled at the thought of how her pretty husband had catered to her wishes lately, just as she had when he wore the pants. The relative ease in which the transition had taken place convinced her how right and natural the new order was.

Obviously, women were always the superior sex, but this was not the time to rub it in. “You do look very pretty this morning darling,” she repeated, walking up behind him where he labored over the stove and kissing him on the neck while caressing his nylon covered buttocks through his skirt.

Lately, Stacy had become appreciative of flattery to the point that he expected his wife to praise his appearance, and this morning was no different! Men didn’t want their women gawking at other men. Stacy had paid special attention to his makeup and clothes, secretly hoping she would notice and acknowledge his efforts.

“Don’t pout honey,” she said, pulling him down on her lap. “It’s only the old obsolete idea that men shouldn’t be pretty that’s



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bothering you. I love the way that skirt fits your bottom.” She kissed him hard on the lips, and being unable to resist her passionate gesture, he relaxed, pressed his supple body against hers in surrender, and returned her kiss. “I love you so much in skirts with your hair in that cute ponytail,” she added when they finally came up for air.

“Do you really like my hair this way?” he asked, checking it with his fingers. “It’s not to fro-fro, is it?”

“It’s adorable on you,” she replied, kissing his eyes, his neck, and lifting his soft ponytail to get at the nape. “He’s so easy to manipulate,” she thought with satisfaction as she slipped her hand up under his skirt. Feeling his resentment fading away, she purred, “This style makes your face look so soft and shows your lovely ears to advantage.” Then, pushing him away and slapping him on the fanny, she added, “You’re delicious and all the women are going to stare at you! Now, get my breakfast. I have lots of work to do before we make our big move.”

Stacy blushed. He hated it when the women stared at his bottom. Obediently, as had become his habit, he minced over to the stove in his heels and answered, “Yes dear. Eggs and bacon just the way you like them.” (Women had changed their diet and were eating much more red meat and fats.)

After Sue left for work, Stacy went next door to his neighbor Willie’s for a cup of coffee and a bit of gossip as had become his custom. Not surprisingly, he found his friend vacuuming the living room in a floral lavender house dress.

“Gues what I heard?” Stacy announced as he smoothed his skirt beneath him and sat at the table for a cup of freshly brewed coffee. “Because of her involvement with the SWAT squads, Sarah Wilson has come up with a uniform design to be worn at the new camp.”

“A uniform? Do you know what they look like?” Willie asked with genuine curiosity.

“I’m not sure except Sue has assured me that the men and boys will be wearing skirts like we do here,” Stacy commiserated. “She is reviewing the drawings this morning, and if she approves, the guys over at the sewing shop will be turning out the new styles by the end of the day.”

“Those women sure don’t mess around.”

“The worst part is that I’ll have to go to another place and meet people who aren’t accustomed to seeing men in skirts. Sue says I’ll even have to set an example for the other men as they begin to wear dresses and accept the new order.”

“Oh, don’t let that bother you,” Willie smiled. “The papers are full of what’s happening here. If you can believe it, they say there’s an ever increasing demand for female rule all over the world. It’s amazing how this thing is catching on! Negotiations by the women leaders are progressing on schedule, and centuries old conflicts are being resolved world wide. They say armies and wars will be obsolete in a very few years.”

“Yeah, I guess we men sure made a mess of things. Maybe feminine rule is the natural and logical solution like they say.”

“I know I’m much more relaxed and at ease now knowing Virginia makes the decisions, earns the money, and takes care of me,” Willie added. “I’m glad I’m out of the rat race for good even if I do have to wear dresses, skirts, and makeup. Did you find the change hard?”

“I’ll say!” Stacy exclaimed. “I was very embarrassed and self conscious to go out in a dress even after a session with those SWAT cops. Also, I had to swallow a lot of pride. You know, wearing Sue’s ring and agreeing for her to become head of our household. I still think the most traumatic thing was when I had to adopt her name. All my life, I had been Stacy King, and I expected to carry that name to the grave. Instead, I became Stacy Bristol, or Mrs. Sue Bristol.”

“I know what you mean,” Willie commiserated. “I experienced the same emotions myself. I guess all men did. The young guys too. They had to adopt the title of ‘Miss,’ and the ‘juniors’ had to take their mother’s name!”

“Yeah, I know. In the end though, Sue was loving and patient as she helped me adjust to the new rules. All in all, I guess the transition was rather painless, especially after I let my hair grow and started wearing dresses and skirts full time. Before I knew what was happening, Sue had transferred all her soft delicate qualities to me, and here we are.”

“And it happened so quickly,” agreed Willie. “Do you think we have now become much too accustomed to our soft life to regain our role of strength and authority?”

Stacy nodded, “Anyway, the women would never allow it. They’ve had a taste of authority, and I’ll bet they aren’t about to allow us to return to pants while they revert to a subordinate

lifestyle.” Stacy sighed while setting down his empty cup adding, “I can’t even argue with her any more, much less win one. If I so much as raise my voice at her, she’ll have me across her lap with my skirt at my waist in a flash! If I don’t obey, she simply calls the SWAT squad, and they spank me right in front of her. I tell you Willie, a man doesn’t stand a chance in this new society!”

“So true!” Willie exclaimed as he rubbed his nylon covered behind through the soft fabric of his dress in sympathy.

“It’s also true about a housewife’s work never being done,” Stacy declared. “I have to get to my laundry, so I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“What kind of uniforms do you have in mind?” Sue asked as she entered the conference room.

“I think you’ll like this,” Sarah answered. “Here, have a look. I’ve chosen a nautical motif with officers uniforms for the women with gold braid indicating rank or status. The men will wear soft nylon midgy blouses, straight above the knee length black skirts with a taper to limit their stride, black three inch heels, and a cap like the ones formerly worn by Waves. And, oh yes! Their hair will have to be styled or pinned up to above collar length.”

“That looks and sounds very interesting,” Sue conceded. “What about the children?”

“For school, boys will wear pleated navy blue skirts and soft midgy blouses similar to the men’s. The young ones can wear flats with the heel height increasing as they grow older. As for the girls, I think they would look nice in white trousers, navy jackets, and ties. Here are the drawings.”

“Very good!” Sue exclaimed. “I certainly knew what I was doing when I chose you for the position of Assistant Director! Put these designs into production immediately. We’ll need thousands!”

About two weeks before they were to leave for the for the new community, Sue informed Stacy that Sarah Wilson and her family would be joining them for dinner the following evening. “Since she and I will be working closely together, our families should get to know each other. Besides, preparing and serving a nice dinner will give you an opportunity to show off your culinary

skills and practice your hostess lessons. We'll be entertaining a lot more in the future, and I want you to do everything within your power to make me and our new society look good."

For some reason, her matter of fact words made him resentful of his soft manner of dress and the subordinate role in which he had been cast. His initial reaction was to stand up, pound his fist on the table, loudly proclaim his place as "man of the house". But alas, the sentiment only lasted a brief moment. After all, what kind of ultimatum can a man in a dress, soft lingerie, makeup, and heels deliver? With that realization, he swallowed what was left of his once intense masculine pride and obediently answered, "Yes dear, I'll prepare a delicious meal for our guests."

"I also want you to wear something attractive and look especially good," she added while pulling him onto her lap for an intimate caress. (Women were much more interested in sex as they became the instigator and men less involved as the "when" and "how" were removed from their control.)

"You know how much pride I take in showing off my pretty husband," Sue said, carressing the insides of his thighs.

"Yes dear," he demurred again, this time with a bright blush because of how easily she had manipulated him.

Distracted by his bringing the meal to near perfection, Stacy rushed upstairs to change into his gown and put on his makeup. However, when he took rather a long while, and time for the guests to arrive was nearing, Sue became impatient and called out, "You men waste too much time primping! Beauty doesn't come from a bottle, you know. Why don't you just come on down?"

"Almost ready dear!" called Stacy. Feeling flustered, he yelled back, "You wanted me to look especially nice, and that takes time."

When he came into the den a few minutes later, Sue saw a vision of loveliness in a long white dress with sheer transparent sleeves. When he turned before his wife for her inspection and approval, she could see the imprint of his slip straps through the back of this elegant dress. His hair was long, wavy, and surrounded his face beautifully, he was perched on white slippers with four inch stiletto heels, and his makeup was slightly heavier than usual for evening wear.

(Women were finding that with the pressures of running the world, seeing their mates so delightfully “pampered” made them feel good. As good as when they were pampered.)

Taking Stacy lovingly in her arms, Sue declared as she held her transformed husband closely and showered him with kisses on his lips, face, and forehead. “You’re so delicious, I could eat you alive!”

“Don’t!” he cried while pulling away. “You’ll ruin my makeup!” With that, he ran to the mirror and repaired the damage, both real and imaginary.

Sue noticed how his fleshy posterior moved seductively in his long tight skirt as he tottered easily about on his heels, and she smiled approvingly. (Inactivity had made most men gain a few pounds and soften up.)

When the Wilson family arrived, Sue made the introductions. “This is Sarah Wilson, the Assistant Director of our new community, and her husband John, indicating the blushing man in a pretty long sleeved red dress with a straight calf length skirt. It had a scoop neckline and a tight black belt that accentuated his attractive figure. He was also wearing black three inch pumps, moderate makeup, bright red lipstick, and his medium length blonde hair was brushed into a neat pageboy. “And this is my husband Stacy,” Sue continued.

While the women shook hands firmly, the men gripped each other’s hand gently with their red tipped fingers and kissed one another lightly on the cheek, being careful not to disturb the other’s makeup or their own lipstick. (There is a disagreement as to how this traditional greeting came about, and I only assume it was in use at that time.)

Stacy then turned his attention to the two children standing behind their parents. The one with short hair and wearing dark trousers, a white shirt, and tie stepped forward. “Hi, I’m Joan,” she said, holding out her hand. “This is my brother Johnnie,” she added while indicating the other.

Johnnie was wearing a very pretty pink dress with short puffy sleeves and a short gathered skirt. His medium length hair was pulled back into a neat ponytail and tied with a pink ribbon that matched his dress. He was definitely the quiet one of the two.

Seeing this young boy, Stacy smoothed his skirt beneath his legs and crouched from the knee to greet him with an embrace and a light kiss as he had greeted the boy’s father. As Stacy rose

to his feet, he complimented, "A very pretty dress for a very pretty little boy."

"Thank you," Johnnie answered with a blush. "It used to be Joan's, but girls no longer wear dresses. It still fits, but I've grown taller. Do you think the skirt has become too short?"

Sue countered. "No. The older boys wear miniskirts, and they're a lot shorter than your little skirt. I just don't want you dressing sexy for the girls."

Johnnie beamed with pride for a moment, thinking he was dressed like an older boy.

"I help take care of Johnnie," Joan injected, bursting her brother's bubble of moment of serenity.

"Actually, they're eight year old twins, but she is more developed and is always bossing him around," John explained with obvious regret.

"Well, that's as it should be, isn't it John?" Sarah asked her husband pointedly.

"He looked at her and with a blush answered, "Yes dear. I guess so."

The two families enjoyed a nice dinner together, and when Stacy served the fresh strawberry cake dessert he had baked that afternoon, everyone snickered when Joan took two slices. Sarah and Sue also took a slice, while the two men declined. John did cut off about a quarter of a slice for Johnnie saying, "Boys shouldn't develop a sweet tooth. They aren't good for the figure, and you do want to attract the girls, you know!"

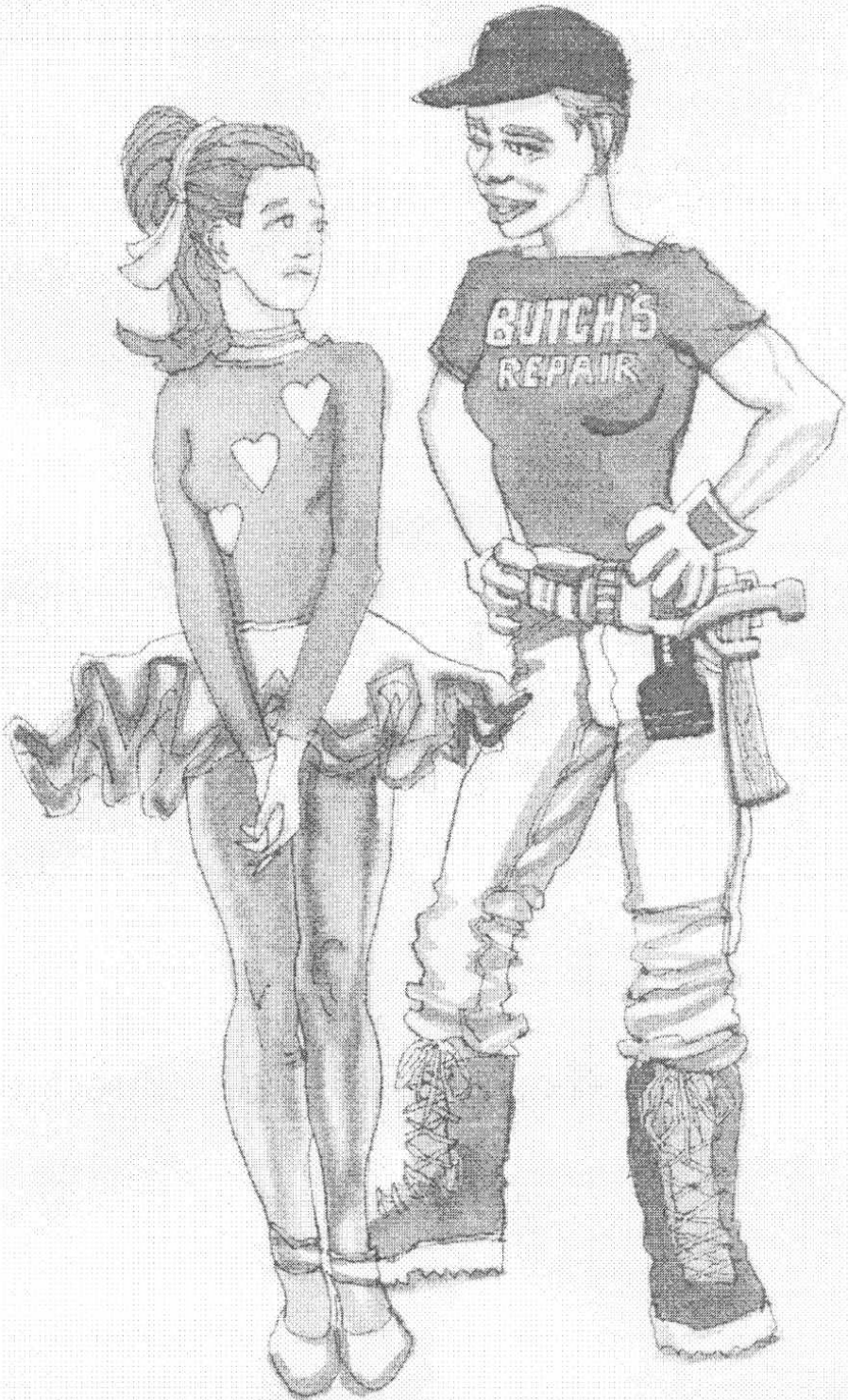
When dinner was over, both John and Johnnie volunteered to help with the dishes. "Johnnie and I will wash and dry while you clear the table away and brew the coffee," John stated.

"Oh no!" Stacy objected. "Let's just stack the dishes by the sink, and I'll do them later."

"Nonsense!" John objected. "Never let it be said that I abandoned a fellow man with a stack of dirty dishes. Let's get to it, and no more arguments!"

"We've certainly come a long way in the past year," Sue mused as she viewed the domestic scene in the kitchen.

"You can say that again!" Sarah agreed. "When we came here, we were still under the authority of our husbands and still wearing dresses. But now, the shoe is on the other foot!"



“The high heel, you mean!” Sue injected, and the two women shared a hearty laugh. “Anyway, you couldn’t be more right. We must be ever mindful of how things were in the past for women and never let them return to that sorry state of affairs.”

“That’s right,” Sarah agreed. “We have the upper hand, and our position is getting stronger by the day. We just have to keep the men in their proper place.”

“In their proper skirts, you mean!” Sue added as the two women shared another robust round of laughter. “Seriously though, the men from this camp must set an example to the inhabitants of the new community and wear skirts exclusively like they do here. We can’t tolerate males who aren’t properly and attractively groomed and dressed. The rule also applies to the slacks or trousers and closely cropped hair for the women.

“I understand and wholeheartedly agree!” Sarah declared. “In fact, I’ll give those very instructions to the Chief of Security and SWAT tomorrow.”

As the Wilson family departed, Sue commented, “John is a very sweet man.”

“I saw you looking at his legs,” Stacy commented, “I thought his top was obscene.”


“But not as nice as your legs, my sweetheart!” she exclaimed. “Don’t be jealous. I know I’ve been awfully busy lately, and I haven’t given you the credit you deserve. But, let me say this. You were the perfect hostess tonight, and I don’t know what I would do without you.”

I love you Sue, and I do want to do everything I can to help." He was now accustomed to the passive role he was expected to play, and he relaxed as she took him in her arms for a passionate embrace. This new role had even begun to give him unexpected

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pleasure as he felt Sue's strong desire and passion. When the two came up for air, she led him up the stairs to their bedroom. .her actions giving him confirmation of her need for him.

Stacy would not soon forget the next two weeks as they got ready for their big move. Sue was always tired, grumpy, and distracted. He tried to make things easier for her by giving her back rubs, cooking her favorite meals, and serving as her secretary in his free time. With a cheerful smile, he typed her letters, placed her calls, did her filing, and all the other duties an efficient man Friday should do.

As Sue worked her way through mountains of paper, Stacy would often serve her drinks or snacks at her desk or in her easy chair in the den. To show her appreciation for his kind efforts at these times, she would usually slide her free hand up under his skirt and massage his buttocks and genitals through his soft nylon panties.

In the beginning, he had been reluctant to wear panties, and she had begun this practice to determine if he was following her wishes as well as the directive. Whenever she found him without his prescribed panties, under threat of calling SWAT, she would make him put on a very sexy pair and lie across her lap for a sound spanking.

After a few such episodes of that, he didn't dare to omit the formerly feminine garment. As time passed, he began to enjoy her manipulations under his skirt, and she now caressed him in this manner as a gesture of affection.

Finally, the day of the big move arrived, and they boarded a plane for the new community a mere two weeks before the thousands of new arrivals were expected.

The flight was uneventful except for Sue's ogling the young flight attendant bottom in the tight skirt.

Sue had decided they would move into a luxury furnished apartment without asking Stacy's opinion. After all, that was a decision for the head of household to make, she reasoned.

When their clothes were put away in their new home, Stacy plopped down in an easy chair. He was near exhaustion, and he sat slumped down with his knees apart and his skirt riding high on his thighs.

The nerves of both of them were on edge from the hectic weeks of preparation, and that led to their first heated argument since the SWAT squad convinced Stacy to wear skirts and lingerie full time. "That's not a very gentlemanly way to sit!" Sue spat.

"I know, but I'm tired," he stormed back. "I've worked like a slave so your precious community will be a success, and as soon as I relax, you jump on my back. I may be only a lowly man around here, but I won't stand for that kind of treatment!"

"Tired of housework, my dear," she countered. "Beginning tomorrow, I need you in my office full time as my secretary, and I assure you that it won't be as easy as sitting around the house all day!"

"I don't sit around!" he defended, feeling his rebellion slowly subside. "Okay, I'll be your secretary and hostess if you'll only allow me to relax once and a while!" In truth, he was secretly glad to escape being a "just a housewife".

"When you come to my office tomorrow, don't forget to wear your uniform," Sue directed, adding more fuel to the fire.

"What uniform?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" she asked in feigned surprise opening a closet filled with clothes. "I ordered them while we were still at the camp, and it was delivered today. I'm sure you'll like them because the entire male staff will be wearing like uniforms."

As he looked over the long sleeved soft white nylon middy blouse with the large sailor collar with dual black stripes, the black kerchief tie, and the straight narrow black skirt, Sue added, "It's made to your measurements, so it should fit beautifully. Why don't you try it on so we can have a look?"

Stacy was filled with dismay, and anger rose in him once again. "I can't wear that!" he protested. "I would look like a school girl!"

"Don't be silly!" she rebuked. "The girls will wear white trousers, ties, and blue blazers to school."

Trying to control his temper, he curtly replied, "A school boy then!"

"No you won't!" she chided further. "They'll wear middys like yours but with blue trim, colorful ties, and pleated short skirts."

"It's silly!" he insisted. "I can't. . . I won't wear it!" His voice trailed off, and he felt tears burning his eyes.

Sue, sensing his recalcitrant mood, softly said, "Come on honey, be reasonable. You know I can't make an exception. You, of all people, as husband of the Community Director, have to set an example in dress and grooming."

"This crazy swap of clothes for the sexes has gone far enough!" he exclaimed, bursting out in tears. "I won't wear that silly juvenile uniform, and you can't make me!"

"Oh, yes I can!" Sue answered, feeling her temper rise. Then, added more softly, "Come on dear. You and I have come so far together. My fast promotion was due in part to your cooperation and quick adjustment. Do you want to ruin all that now?"

"I don't care about that! I've made enough concessions for one lifetime. I won't. . . I simply won't wear that silly uniform!"

"You're behaving like a child!" she declared, running out of patience. "Do you want to be spanked like one?"

"You wouldn't dare!"

"I wouldn't try me if I were you!" she hissed. "If I have to, I'll call SWAT, and you'll crawl across my lap with your skirt at your waist begging me to warm your panties when they're through with you! From past experience, you know I'm right too!"

A year before, his will being much stronger, he would have challenged her. But now, after several sessions at the hands of the harsh SWAT squads, he didn't dare. In the new society, women had become so intimidating that no man stood a chance against them. How had the masculine race fallen so far so quickly?

Instead of challenging her or putting her ability to spank him to the test, he jumped up and bolted from the room in tears. In his heart, he wanted to run away, but he knew the world was rapidly changing. With the knowledge that he had no place to go and no choice but to obey his wife in the end, he dashed into their bedroom.

In deep despair, he slowly undressed and slipped into his long white nylon nightgown and crawled into bed. Tired, hurt, and dejected, he cried until Sue came up. Instead of the apology he was hoping for, she wanted sex!

Without his go ahead, she came in and prepared herself for sex with him. A woman had developed an thingumajig so that the man no longer had to "be interested". All he had to do was

lay there on his back until his wife collapsed satisfied. It used to bother him that his wife seemed to prefer sex this way but the other guys said their wives' also used the thingumajig by choice.

Stacy's only solace being that he had prevented Sue from making him try on his new uniform.

Despite his harrowing evening, Stacy awoke the next morning feeling fresh and chipper. As he slid out of bed, fluffed his nightgown back into place, and slipped into his negligee, he noticed his wife was gone. She always got up so early.

He recalled the incident of the night before and gazed out the window at the sun's early rays. Somehow, wearing the prescribed uniform seemed less important than it had the night before.

Hearing a noise outside, he looked outside to see the milk-woman making her deliveries. Fascinated, he watched as this woman in her uniform. . .her large breasts with their protruding nipples straining at her tight tee shirt and her rounded fanny prominent in her tight slacks. "Men used to do that kind of work, but now, they won't even let us wear pants!" he thought with disdain as he collected the milk and stored it in the refrigerator. "I bet a man would sure look silly trying to do that heavy work in a tight skirt and sling pumps!"

Looking around, he saw Sue had already left for work and that she had left him a note on the kitchen table. It read:

Dear Stacy,

I love you very much, and I'm terribly sorry for having to be so hard on you last night. I understand your feelings, but your image is vitally important here at the new community. You see, if the husband of the director doesn't comply with the dress codes, how can anyone else be expected to do so? Please remember this, and always aspire to set an example. Remember sweetheart, our success is largely dependent on you.

Your uniform is hanging in my study where I spent the night after being locked out of our bedroom. Be in my office wearing it at nine o'clock sharp! This is not a request!

Love,

Sue

"Always set an example!" he gasped. "Of all the nerve!" As he checked his impulse to tear the note to bits, he remembered what Sue had said. It was true, her rapid advancement had been

due in part to his willingness to comply with the new dress and work requirements.

As he meditated on these events, his forgiving nature prevailed, and he thought, "Oh well, I've gone this far, I might as well see it through. Anyway, all the other men will be wearing that silly uniform."

Unknown to Stacy, that was the argument many women at the camp had successfully used to get their husbands and sons into dresses and lingerie in the beginning. "All the other men will be wearing them! Why should you be different?"

He always watched his diet very carefully to maintain his lean profile, so he had only toast and coffee. Not wishing to leave clutter behind to upset further, he did the dishes and cleaned up the mess his wife had left behind.

By force of habit, he put on his shower cap and started shaving prior to his shower. He didn't have time for a soaking bath, but Sue insisted that he always keep himself hairless, everywhere! "You're so much softer and sexier that way," she would say.

After drying himself and applying moisturizing cream on his body, he stepped into a pair of soft nylon panties with a lace waistband and pulled a matching slip over his head.

The panties fit surprisingly well over his soft rounded bottom and even in the crotch. The word "virility" meant nothing to him anymore. What with the thingumajig, his little doodad was insignificant. When Sue wanted sex, he just rolled over on his back and tried to enjoy the intimacy. He didn't want Sue to "wander".

Sitting at his vanity, he started brushing his curly shoulder length hair. "What hairstyle goes with a middy blouse?" he pondered. "I know, pigtails!" he thought with a smile. Pigtails would be a little silly, but wearing that style should make his point that the uniform was indeed juvenile.

With that in mind, he started parting his hair down the middle. When the two pigtails were formed and tied off with white ribbons, he pulled them back behind his ears and let them fall over his shoulders, teenage style. "I look like a sweet sixteen year old girl. . .uh. . .boy!" he thought with a blush as he kneaded the sheer nylons over his smooth hairless legs.

Slipping into the tailored midly blouse, he quickly fastened the back buttons and fixed the kerchief tie sailor style. He stepped into the straight black skirt, adjusted it at his waist, and slid his feet into the sensible medium height heels.

“Sue was right about this outfit being made to my measurements because it really does fit right,” he thought as he turned from side to side before the mirror. Pleased with the way his lacy slip could be seen through his soft blouse, he grinned at his youthful hairdo. Sitting at his vanity once again, he applied light daytime makeup and light red lipstick, fastened gold hoop earrings in his pierced ears, and pronounced himself ready for his first day’s work at the new community. Slinging the straps of a black leather handbag over his shoulder, he made his way out the door.

“Sailor Bristol reporting for duty, Ma’am,” Stacy proclaimed, saluting Sue smartly upon entering the office.

She looked up smiling, happy that Stacy had obeyed her wishes. Then, with a frown she added, “What did you do with your hair?”

With a glint of satisfaction from his wife’s reaction, he replied, “I thought a young hairstyle would look nice with my juvenile outfit.”

Sue shook head saying, “Well, you do look seventeen, but I guess it does no harm. . .for today. As a matter of fact, you look very sweet this way. You’ll have to put your hair up above your collar in the regulation style tomorrow though. In the meantime, just remember to whom you belong.”

Stacy liked that attitude—jealousy! Maybe he did look cute enough to get some other woman’s attention.

Looking very important in her blue jacket with the four gold bands, she rose to her feet, adjusted her black tie, and said, “Follow me, and I’ll introduce you to the rest of the office staff.”

“Yes Ma’am!” Stacy answered, again saluting.

“Stop that foolishness!” Sue ordered, slapping his fanny in his tight form fitting skirt. Her tone was gruff, but she could barely conceal her pleasure at the young, attractive and subordinate appearance of her husband.

As instructed, Stacy followed his wife out into a large office where more than a dozen people were busy at work. At Sue’s appearance, everyone stopped what they were doing, and the men rose to their feet in a show of respect. As they stood, he noticed that they were dressed identically to himself. The only difference was that he wore three stripes on his sleeve while they only had

one or two. "I guess I'm more important around here," he thought, inwardly pleased.

When he was introduced, Stacy noticed that the men were known by their first names while the women were called by a title and their last name. For instance, the receptionist, a young attractive boy with one stripe, was addressed only as Terry, while the Chief Administrative Officer was called Ms. Johnson.

Stacy received so many compliments on his attractive appearance that his face glowed a bright red.

"Stop blushing so!" Sue admonished as they left the office for an inspection tour.

Walking along beside her in his tight skirt and heels, Stacy found keeping up very difficult. He had to take two quick mincing steps to her one easy stride. "I'll bet these women designed these skirts to cleverly restrict the males and make us feel our new dependent position!" he thought. "Oh well, I've seen so many other men going calmly about their business in these trim skirts that I no longer feel totally ridiculous in this silly "uniform".

"We mustn't forget your hat!" Sue exclaimed as an afterthought. "Outside, you're expected to wear a cute hat like the Navy Waves used to wear. Let's go by supply and get one before someone in security writes you up."

Stacy sighed. Something new and embarrassing would be added, and he was powerless to stop it. He had never worn a woman's. . .uh. . .men's hat before. He wondered how it would look on him, then catching himself with this thought, he blushed in embarrassment. What was happening to him?

Sue had identical thoughts as she observed her attractive husband stepping briskly beside her in his tight skirt and heels, occasionally pushing back a stray lock of hair with his hand. How far he had come with her, how very far. She knew he could never go back to the old ways even if he had the nerve to try. For one thing, he had become too soft and pliable to fend for himself out in the cold cruel world. For another, she liked the way he was and would never let him!

They soon came to a large building marked "Clothing Supply Warehouse", and as they entered, they were politely greeted by a man similarly dressed to Stacy. "We would like to see the supervisor," Sue informed him in an impersonal voice.

"Yes Ma'am!" he exclaimed, walking away at an invigorating pace, his hips swinging enticingly in his tight skirt and his heels clicking on the concrete floor.

"Hello, Ms. Bristol," the supervisor greeted momentarily. She was a greying woman with one stripe on her blue jacket. "Welcome to our humble emporium. May I ask what we have done to merit a visit from our esteemed director?"

"He needs a hat," Sue replied.

"Your son?" she asked, looking him over.

"No, my husband, Sue answered cheerfully, while Stacy wished he could disappear into thin air. "When I ordered his uniform, I forgot to get him one of those cute hats."

"Fine, we have plenty," she replied, looking at Stacy. "What size do you wear?"

"I don't know," he answered, still blushing.

"It's his first hat under the new rules," Sue explained. "His hair will be worn regulation style tomorrow and from now on, so take that into consideration."

"Why don't you have his hair styled at the beauty parlor around the corner and buy his hat when it's done? The hairdressers are begging for customers so they can practice for the invasion in less than two weeks."

"Good idea!" Sue exclaimed, turning to Stacy. "I have to inspect this warehouse and go over the inventory. Why don't you go ahead to the hairdressers, and come back here to get fitted for your hat after you're finished."

Stacy looked hesitantly at his wife. Having learned to dress his hair in the grooming classes at the old camp, he had never been to a beauty parlor. Also adding to his dismay, she was ordering him around like he was a child in front of these people. "Why does she have to make me feel so subservient all the time? What must these people think of me?" he wondered silently.

"Go ahead, pamper yourself!" Sue insisted. "Tell them to give you the works, and put the charges on my bill. Just make sure to inform them that your new style must be regulation."

When Stacy entered the beauty parlor with the purpose of having his own hair styled for the first time, he was greeted by a cheerful young man wearing the same cute middy uniform as himself. The exception was that this guy's skirt was pink and was worn underneath a starched white pinafore with a vee

neckline that allowed his sailor collar and jaunty pink tie to show neatly. This fellow also wore sheer nylons and white three inch pumps. His makeup was striking and a bit heavier than that of most of the men Stacy had seen since his arrival at the new community.

“May I help you sir?” he asked politely.

“Yes, I hope so,” Stacy answered hesitantly. “I don’t have an appointment, but I was led to believe you could work me in.”

About that time, a woman in a blue coat with one gold stripe, approached them and said, “Of course we can help you sir! May I ask your name?”

“Stacy Bristol.”

“The Director’s husband?” she asked while looking askew at his unorthodox hairdo.

“Yes.”

“Then, step right this way!” she beamed gleefully. Speaking to her staff, she proclaimed, “Gentlemen, we are honored to have Stacy Bristol, the Director’s husband in our presence. He is our first dignitary, so roll out the red carpet, and give him the full V.I.P. treatment we went over in practice!”

Stacy was embarrassed to be made over in public, and he blushed brightly as he was led toward the rear of the shop. When he was led into a large room, he saw at least a dozen men, and all were dressed in a like manner to the fellow who greeted him at the door. When he was asked what he wished, he answered hesitantly, “I don’t really know. I’ve never been in. . . in a beauty parlor before. All I know is I have to get a regulation hairstyle.”

“Don’t worry Stacy!” the woman exclaimed, using his first name again. “We understand completely, and we’ll take care of everything! Just sit here and relax.” Turning away while he seated himself, she assigned one of the boys to do his hair and another for his nails.

Revealing their excellent training, the male attendants went to work on Stacy as if they had done this type work all their lives. Almost two hours later, after giving him a new hairstyle, plucking his brows to virtual obscurity, changing his makeup and lip colors, adding eyeliner and eye shadow (another first), he was finally ready to leave.

“I don’t have any money,” Stacy admitted, greatly embarrassed. “My wife said to put the charges on her account.”

“Most men don’t carry money these days, so don’t worry your pretty head about that!” the woman beamed. “Anyway, serving the husband of Sue Bristol has been our pleasure. This time, all charges are on the house. ”Further, we would be honored if you would consider scheduling a weekly appointment and making us your exclusive beauty consultant. In addition to the hair, nail, and beauty services you received today, we also offer electrolysis of facial hair to make your face soft and eliminate shaving, bikini waxing to keep your legs smooth and sexy, tanning booths to keep your body tan and attractive, and ear piercing. Of course if you allow us to advertise that you use our services and display your picture in our lobby, there would never be a fee.”

“Boy, these women have sure gone all out to make us look like they used to, and there’s nothing we can do about it,” Stacy thought dejectedly. “In the process, we’ve lost our ability to resist, and I believe we’ve gone too far to turn back.” Still, he was hesitant to enter into this type arrangement and took the easy way out. “I’ll have to ask my wife,” he stammered.

“I understand, and you are correct!” the woman conceded a bit disdainfully. “Business decisions should be left to the woman in charge. Perhaps then, you would care to make an appointment for next week and let us know her decision at that time.”

“I guess that would be okay,” he answered with the knowledge that, while his evasion had saved him from committing to a weekly beauty appointment, it nonetheless showed who ‘wore the pants’ in his family!

As he left the beauty parlor with his new hairstyle and headed back toward the clothing warehouse, Stacy looked at the reflection of his new regulation hair style in a store front plate glass window and wondered if Sue ever missed her long beautiful hair. “Probably glad to be rid of the bother,” he thought while envisioning her short haircut. “Anyway, she no longer has time for the nightly curlers, frequent shampoos, sitting under driers, hot curlers, and permanents.”

Sue was still working on her inventory when Stacy made his way back into the warehouse. Upon seeing his new ‘look’, she jumped up, threw her arms around him, and cried, “Oh my darling, you’re absolutely adorable!”

“Please Sue!” he protested. “Not here!”

“He looks perfect!” declared the clothing supervisor as she looked him over critically from head to toe. When his new hat was sitting neatly on his new hairdo. “I only wish all my male workers looked so neat, trim, and well fitted. It’s a shame all these attractions have been hidden under long trousers and masses of hair. If the women of the past had known what we know, they would have put these darlings in skirts centuries ago!” she added while taking in his well shaped legs and narrow ankles.

Stacy blushingly tried to conceal his pleasure at this honest compliment, but his true feelings were patently evident to both women.

“I know what you mean, but I believe all things happen in their own good time,” Sue replied. “No, this is the proper time and place for feminine rule to begin.” Then, she changed the subject saying, “Stacy dear, since you only have the one uniform, after you get your hat, why don’t you browse around and select several more of those cute outfits while I finish up here. By then, it will be noon, and we can eat lunch together.”

“You go right ahead with your work!” the woman asserted. “It will be my pleasure to assist your beautiful husband select some nice skirts and things.” Then to Stacy, “Come along sweetie, let’s shop while your wife does her work. That’s what men do best, right?”

“I used to work and support Sue, but now I’ve been reduced to shopping for skirts and helping as her secretary while she works and earns the big bucks!” Stacy thought dejectedly as he obediently fell in behind the smirking woman. “How far I’ve fallen!”

As they passed through the women’s department, Stacy saw rows upon rows of white trousers in all sizes down to the three year old level. In the boy’s section, there were thousands of white nylon middy blouses with sailor collars with nautical trim and kerchief ties of all colors. There was also rack after rack of short navy blue pleated skirts! In the shoe section were shelves loaded with round toed shoes in formerly girl’s styles. He noticed that as the size increased, the heels kept pace. In the lingerie area, he saw rows of tables covered with nylon panties, slips, half slips, camisoles, and nighties in a variety of bright and pastel colors. Seeing all this, he wondered how the women planned to put boys accustomed to wearing pants and other coarse cotton fabrics in these frilly clothes.

Finally reaching the men's department, he quickly tried on and purchased three new uniforms for himself and rejoined Sue in the office. After this first day, he wouldn't be nearly as self-conscious wearing these clothes in the future.

As Stacy and Sue walked toward the restaurant, he asked her about the boys who would be moving into the community and how they planned to convince them to wear skirts.

"It certainly won't be easy, especially at first," Sue acknowledged. "Even though they know in advance that they will be required to wear skirts, most of them are being brought here by their parents under duress. In anticipation of certain inevitable difficulties, we have allowed several weeks for adjustments. We also have several strategies to entice them to voluntarily wear skirts."

"What kind of strategies?"

"For starters, we plan plenty of recreation such as boating, swimming, sailing, and tennis for the summer, but only those who appear in regulation clothes may participate or use the public facilities. Of course, a good many kids from the old camp will be here to set examples, and that should help. When the new arrivals see the others wearing their 'uniforms' and taking part in the fun, they'll soon fall in line. At least, we hope so."

Stacy thought of himself and how embarrassed he had been in the beginning when he had to wear skirts for the first time, and he knew his wife was right on at least one point. When he saw other men in dresses, he felt much less self-conscious in his own. Still, it had taken much longer for him to reach the point that he didn't mind wearing his skirts. . .if he had yet! Anyway, he was much older and had worn pants for many years. "What about the fathers?" he asked.

"Oh, they won't like wearing dresses and submitting to their wives' authority at first any more than you did in the beginning. Still, we think they'll be realistic, at least economically speaking. You see, many of them lost their jobs on the outside and are already living on their wife's income. Then too, while she has been out earning the living, they have been keeping house. Thus, they should come around in time, if not quickly. I imagine the 'closed bedroom door' strategy will be used to a certain extent as well. Then, seeing their fathers and the other men wearing dresses should influence the boys in a positive way."

Stacy frowned as he remembered his "closed bedroom door" treatment. That was the way Sue had gotten him to wear a dress outside the house for the first time.

Seeing his uncomfortable expression as he reminisced, Sue smiled and said, "Let's hurry along to the restaurant. My lazy husband didn't get up and fix my breakfast this morning, and I'm starved!"

Upon entering the executive dining room, they were greeted by a host who was also wearing a uniform, except his middy blouse and circular skirt were made of black taffeta. . . a white sailor tie contrasting sharply with his elegant black ensemble. Stacy also noticed that his heels were at least an inch higher and much slimmer than his own. For jewelry, the host wore a triple strand pearl necklace, single pearl stud earrings, and a matching bracelet. "Good morning, Ms. Bristol," he offered with a bright smile. "Two for lunch?"

"Yes Lee, and we would like a table near the window if possible. It's a beautiful day, and we would like to look out over the grounds."

"Very good, Ms. Bristol, follow me."

As they looked over their menus, Stacy looked out at a green lawn that featured a flag pole encircled by a picturesque flower bed. Looking closer, he saw some young women mowing the lawn in neat overalls, completely contrary to any maintenance crew he had ever seen. Glancing around inside the dining room and seeing all the women in their debonair blue coats and black ties, he thought, "Except for me, a few other men, and the help, this place looks like the officer's club at Annapolis."

Before long, an attractive waiter brought glasses of water and a basket with rolls and butter. He smiled and announced that he would return shortly to take their order. When the waiter walked away, Stacy looked him over closely, for he was wearing a bright green satin middy blouse with nautical trim, a white sailor tie, and a matching skirt that hugged his hips before flaring into a swirl of tiny pleats at mid thigh. Flesh colored nylons covered his smooth legs, and he walked easily in towering spikes. Adding to his "look", was a white pinafore with ruffles around the neck, shoulders, and hem, and a frilly cap that sat jauntily on his regulation hairdo. "He sure walks gracefully on those stilt heels," Stacy mused, voicing his thoughts.

“You may not realize it my dear, but you walk the same way now,” Sue informed him. “Don’t get upset because I like your sexy gait. It just shows that you men have very quickly become sensually aware of your body, your clothes, and your carriage. Your awakened instinct tells you that you must dress and move attractively in order to attract females. If you don’t believe me, look around at all the women staring at you.”

Stacy looked around and saw what she said was true, many of the women were eying him approvingly. Seeing this and realizing that he had become a sex object in the new order, he blushed brightly. Looking down to avoid eye contact, he saw his shiny nylon covered knees that were enticingly exposed below his skirt, and he shuddered at the thought of how far he, and rest of the male race, had fallen since the advent of female rule.

“Sarah is a clever woman, a genius actually!” Sue thought as she observed her husband’s embarrassed reaction. “Who else but a person of superior intellect could conceive the notion of having the men wear midshipman’s outfits with skirts while the women are decked out in officer’s uniforms with trousers? The approach is such a subtle, yet constant, reminder of who is in authority, and who will be even more so in the future! Just picture the school children. . .the boys in their middy blouses and little skirts and the girls in slacks, ties, and blazers. Yes, these uniforms are bound to have a positive effect.”

If Stacy had known what his wife was thinking, he would have agreed wholeheartedly! He did feel subtly inferior and subordinate sitting quietly in his soft nylon blouse, neat skirt, and high heels while the women paraded around joyfully in magnificent jackets with gold braid, crisp white shirts, black ties, and snappy trousers with knife edged creases.

While they were eating, they were joined by Sarah Wilson. After the greetings, she complimented Stacy on his snappy new uniform and observed, “I wish John could work outside the home and wear a smart uniform like yours, but alas, I’m afraid he has his hands full with the housework and looking after the children. Oh well,” she sighed with a far away look in her eyes, “he looks pretty nice in his house dresses, and I’ll settle for that.”

The days passed, and Stacy settled into his role as his wife’s secretary. Besides typing and mailing her letters, he had to file mountains of papers, answer her telephone, set up her appointments, and a thousand other things that included assisting with

the incoming female staff. This meant he had to register, arrange housing, and schedule their orientation seminars. As one might imagine this was quite a traumatic experience for a man wearing a nylon middy blouse, slim skirt, heels, and makeup! The ordeal was especially distressing because most of these women came from outside the camp and were not accustomed to seeing men dressed in this manner!

Keeping him in deep anguish and red-faced embarrassment were questions like, "How long have you been wearing skirts?", "How do you like wearing skirts and heels?", and "Do you do your own hair and makeup?" He sensed that most of these queries were normal curiosity and that no ridicule was meant by the inquisitors, and as he slowly grew accustomed to this type question, he answered them candidly. However, the comments from some of the newly arrived women weren't nearly so kind, and their barbs cut into his fragile masculine psyche like a knife.

"It's easy to see who wears the pants in your house!" remarked an unmarried high school teacher with a particularly mean character.

"Yeah, and who wears the panties too!" another chimed in gleefully. "Say, are your panties as frilly as that cute lacy slip I see shining through that sexy blouse?"

"A community filled with nothing but pansies!" another spat in disgust. "I was told men would be wearing dresses at this new community, but I didn't know they would be sissies like this one!"

When Stacy heard comments like these, he always blushed in deep shame but said nothing. His exasperating months under feminine rule had taught him humility, tolerance, and patience but did nothing to sooth his tender feelings. Many times, he left these meetings in virtual tears! To his great relief; however, the attitude of these women changed almost immediately after they got their short haircuts, put on their trousered uniforms, and sat through an orientation seminar where the new rules and customs were explained.

In these lectures, Sue or one of the other executives would explain that instead of teasing the men, who were in their proper dress, they should concentrate on growing into their new roles. During the course of these discussions, Stacy and a number of other men and boys would demonstrate the proper masculine uniforms for specific tasks and functions. One at a time, they

would walk forward an turn this way and that while the speaker pointed out attractive and practical features of each ensemble.

The dialogue would go something like this: "Men are here to help us, and as you can see by our attractive and cooperative models, they are willing to do their part if we treat them with respect. However, if we ridicule and humiliate them by making disparaging remarks about their attire or their subordinate role, they will rebel. As you can well imagine, we have a lot of work ahead of us, and the last thing we need is a revolt by the males.

"Wearing clothes that were formerly worn only by females is very traumatic and embarrassing for them because of the sexual connotations that went with the practice in the past. Therefore, only by receiving love, understanding, and encouragement from the entire female population will these men and boys make happy and successful transitions to their new lifestyle. I'm sure you have seen the shame and embarrassment from our skirted males since your arrival, and they have been wearing dresses for months. Imagine the trauma our new arrivals who haven't been conditioned to the idea of men wearing dresses will experience. You must remember that these men are adverse to the concept of female rule with men. . .themselves in particular. . .in dresses, skirts, and lingerie. Therefore, getting them to submit will be extremely difficult. If they face the kind of scorn I've seen some of you heap upon our seasoned masculine staff, you might be trampled in the stampede as our new prospects charge out of town!"

"Okay, okay! I don't mean to chastise you, but neither do I want to mislead you. First of all, I'm certain you can easily see that female rule won't work if we only have other females to rule. Secondly, I don't want anyone to think that getting the men to give up their position of authority in pants for a life of servility in skirts and soft lingerie will be easy. Getting them to do so will take a lot more cunning than sitting in their laps and blowing in their ears."

After a round of expected laughter, she would continue. "Although that might become a vital part of your strategy!" Laughter would again rock the hall.

"Now that the moment of greatness is upon us, we must employ every weapon in our arsenal to get men into skirts and under our authority and to keep them there! These weapons include, but are not limited to, closed bedroom doors, encouragement, reassurance, comparing them to other men who have



accepted our philosophy, and frank discussions of economic matters. Since most of them have lost their jobs, wide open bedroom doors, and in some cases, coercion, duress, and intimidation will work wonders. If these tactics don't work in a given time frame, regrettably, a few will have to be expelled from our community in the name of peace and tranquility. Now that you have an overview of our goals, go forward with a positive spirit and help us build a better, safer, and more productive world for our families and our descendants."

A couple of days before the huge population explosion, Sue sponsored a black tie party for the community's officers, executives, department heads and their spouses in appreciation of their dedication and hard work. This gathering would give everyone a chance to socialize and get to know one another better while wearing their new finery.

"I don't know what I'll wear to such a formal party, but whatever it is, at least it won't be my silly uniform!" Stacy sighed when his wife informed him of the gala event.

"Your pale green silk evening gown would be lovely with your satin four inch pumps. If you like, you can also wear my old diamond necklace and earrings," Sue suggested, sounding a bit envious. "You haven't worn that gown since we left the camp, and most of those who will be in attendance haven't seen it. Also, with that deep front slit, your trim legs will show sensuously when you walk, and especially when you sit. Of course, if you had rather, you can buy a new one. I know how you love to wear sensuous new gowns, and the shops are filled with attractive styles that flatter the masculine figure."

After a moment's deliberation, he conceded, "No, I think I'll wear the silk. It does look nice on me, and with your jewelry. . . ." His voice trailed off as he considered his image in the sexy green dress.

When the day of the party arrived, Stacy took the day off from work and spent almost the entire afternoon at the hairdressers where he was given the works. Knowing their client was the "First Gentleman" of the community who was getting ready for a regal party, the beauty attendants gave a valiant effort, and the results were breathtaking! After a frenzied session at the hands of the beauticians, he found himself with an upsweep hairstyle, slight bangs, and a flip at the back. They even gave him a fresh

manicure and heavier evening makeup that included dark red lipstick and false eyelashes with heavy mascara.

When Stacy viewed his image in the mirror, he could hardly believe he could be so beautiful. "This is a bit much for my taste, but just wait until I put on my gown and jewelry," he thought with a hint of pleasure as he made his exit. "My legs still sting from the waxing, but since they will be on display in my split dress, I suppose it will be worth the discomfort. Talk about discomfort, I'll be cut in half by that damned corset! I only wish Sue didn't insist on my waist being so narrow."

Although the beauty parlor had taken care of his hair and makeup, Stacy still took more than an hour getting ready. Finally, as he viewed the finished product in his full length mirror, he couldn't help feeling pleased with the result. Two thin delicate shoulder straps supported his form fitting floor length gown, and Kay's jewelry added an elegant touch. Having little difficulty walking in his stiletto heels, he admired the way his smooth nylon covered thighs were alternately exhibited as he walked. Despite the aggravation caused by his tight corset, he was even pleased with the way his restricted waist accentuated his protruding hips and how they were displayed in his tight dress!

"Darling, you were definitely worth the wait!" Sue, who was wearing a neat tuxedo and a black bow tie, exclaimed when he descended the stairs. With a hungry expression in her eyes, she added, "I have never seen you look lovelier!"

As the husbands of the director and her assistant, Stacy and John Wilson were the official hostesses for the party. Besides greeting all the guests, they had to supervise the staff of waiters who mingled among the crowd in short black dresses, frilly white pinafores, lacy hair decorations, long dangling earrings, spiked heels, neat hairstyles, perfect makeup, bright red lipstick, and matching nail polish. All in all, their attire looked very much like the costumes formerly worn by French maids. While listening to their instructions, many of them looked enviously at Stacy and John in their gorgeous evening gowns, but they remained quiet and dutiful.

When the guests began arriving, Stacy and John took their places to the left of their wives to welcome them and make the necessary introductions. As anticipated, the women all dressed very much alike in tuxedos and black bow ties while the men

were decked out in their finest silk, satin, and lace evening gowns in a myriad of bright and pastel colors.

Like proper hostesses, Stacy and John mingled among the guests, seeing to their needs, and all the while making sure the waiters kept busy with their trays.

With satisfaction and adoration, Sue watched her pretty husband as he went about his duties, taking special pride at the many compliments on his dress and trim figure. She was especially pleased with the way he blushed when these flattering comments came from women, being more convinced than ever that feminine rule was correct. "Even after such a short time in the opposite role, neither he nor any of those other men flitting around like delicate butterflies can ever go back to the way things were in the past," she thought. "War, aggression, and economic chaos will now fade into history as women take their rightful place at the head of the species."

At first, the men of shyly congregated together comparing notes on fashion trends for men and boys and the latest gossip. Before long; however, single women began penetrating the group. When that happened, the men began flirting with the interlopers, and they were soon whisked out onto the dance floor. In this upside down world, men in dresses, makeup, and heels were being pursued by the women. Some of the single men were heard happily accepting dates from their dance partners. Yes, the world was truly changing, turning upside down. . .and all for the good of society!

On the way home in the limousine, Sue put her arm around Stacy, pulled him to her, and whispered in his ear, "You were both beautiful and wonderful tonight darling. All the women were green with envy because I have such a helpful and attractive husband."

"Thank you sweetheart," he cooed, lying his head on her strong confident shoulder while she affectionately massaged his exposed nylon covered thighs.

The day everyone had been waiting and preparing for finally arrived with a bang! The community was inundated by thousands of families, and the staff was swamped with paperwork. All the newcomers had to be registered and assigned quarters. Seminars for orientation had to be scheduled for the girls and women and others for the men and boys. For obvious reasons,

job and school assignments had to be given top priority. There was much work to be done by everyone!

While we are speculating as to the process in which the world made its about face for the betterment of humanity, here's how the evolution of a typical family of five might have gone. The members of this hypothetical family are, Joyce Berg the mother, her husband Jim, their eighteen year old daughter Abby who had just graduated from high school, and their sons, sixteen year old Gary and fourteen year old Jamie who are still in high school.

As Jim drove the family minivan into the new community, they rode past two skirted figures in middy blouses. "Boy!" exclaimed Gary. "Those girls sure were flat chested. I hope the others are built better!"

"Those weren't girls," Abby countered in a haughty tone. "They were boys."

"No way!" Jamie answered. "They were wearing skirts, frilly blouses, and had ribbons in their hair."

"That's the way boys and men will dress here in the new community," Abby taunted. "Haven't you been watching the news reports or reading the brochures?"

"Some of the girls teased us about men and boys having to wear dresses and skirts if women were in charge, but I thought they were just making it up," Jamie admitted. "Anyway, I don't care what they say, I'm not wearing a dress!"

"Me neither!" Gary agreed.

"Oh yes, you will! They'll have to, won't they Mom?" Abby queried.

"I'm afraid you will boys, and your father too, will be in pretty skirts and dresses," Joyce answered softly. "As a matter of fact, he's already agreed."

"Dad? Agreed to wear dresses? But why? Why would you want to wear dresses?"

"I didn't have much choice boys," he stammered. "I don't want to wear dresses, and I certainly didn't want to put you two in a position to have to wear them too. I just didn't have a choice. You know I lost my job last year, and despite my efforts, I haven't been able to find work. Your mother's salary as a loan officer at the bank hasn't been enough. We exhausted our savings and got into such serious debt that we were about to lose the house. Your mother was offered a job here as a bank manager at a salary greater than I was making before the lay off. By moving here

and accepting the rules, we can live well and pay off our debts. We discussed our problems in great detail, and in the end, this was our only sensible choice. Anyway, with all the other men and boys wearing dresses, maybe it won't be too bad."

"Yes it will! It'll be horrible! I'm not doing it!" Jamie exclaimed.

"Me neither!" Gary chimed in once again, seeming less sure.

"We'll see, boys. We'll see," Joyce answered softly. "Anyway, since your father lost his job, he has taken over the housework, and that won't change here. You boys will have to accustom yourselves to helping out in the house while Abby and I take over the yard work and maintenance chores."

After that, the Berg family spent a busy afternoon going through registration for the new community. Joyce and Jim sat across the desk from a woman with short hair who was wearing trousers, a white shirt, tie, and had two gold bands on the sleeves of her jacket. In a voice of practiced authority, she said, "Please sign this form Mr. Berg. Before your family can be registered into the new community, it is mandatory."

"What is it?" Jim asked curiously.

"This is a legal document that relinquishes your authority in the family and designates your wife as 'Head of Household'. After it has been executed, she will be responsible for all decisions regarding your family. It also contains your agreement to defer to her authority in all matters, thus relieving you of all business and economic concerns and freeing you to concentrate on becoming a perfect homemaker. It also legally changes your name to Taylor, your wife's former name."

Jim was taken aback and was understandably hesitant to sign such a document. "Nobody said anything about me having to

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adopt Joyce's maiden name!" he objected. "Anyway, what's wrong with Berg?"

"Berg is a perfectly good name, but your wife has requested the change," the woman replied. "Anyway, the term 'maiden' no longer has meaning here. We prefer former name instead."

"Joyce!" Jim exclaimed. "Why do you want to change our name?"

"I took your name when you were expected to support me, and now that I'll be supporting you, turnabout is only fair. Now, sign the paper!"

Jim was still hesitant to sign such a document, but when Joyce kicked him under the table and gave him an intense glare, he sighed in resignation and thought, "I've already agreed to wear dresses. What difference will it make if I take Joyce's name?" With that in mind, he submissively affixed his signature on the indicated line.

"Very good, Mrs. Taylor," the woman praised with a satisfied grin. "That is the last document you will ever be required to sign. As Head of Household, Ms. Taylor will take care of business and sign all legal documents in the future. Now, just sit there and look pretty while we finish up here."

Being referred to as Mrs. made Jim feel strangely impotent as he sat by idly watching Joyce sign the remainder of the papers concerning his family. These included their house, jobs, and schools. When everything was finally signed, the woman turned to one of the male clerks and instructed, "Jody! File these papers concerning Ms. and Mrs. Taylor in the official vault."

Jim was astonished by how docile and feminine this 'man' appeared with his makeup and 'regulation' hairstyle. As Joey took the folder, Jim noticed that his red tipped fingers exactly matched his lipstick. When he turned and walked away, Jim also noticed Joey's uniform, a soft white midy blouse that revealed his lacy slip, and a straight black knee length skirt. He was also wearing three inch heels, and his hips swayed enticingly as he walked easily and confidently in them! "Do all men have to dress like that at this new community?" he asked, voicing his concerns.

"Of course Mrs. Taylor, and don't they look nice?"

Jim's mind overflowed with reservations and second thoughts about having to wear dresses and go by the subordinate name, Mrs. Taylor, his wife's "former" name. He gasped, "Will I have to dress that way too?"

“Why should you be an exception?” the woman asked tersely. “All men and boys wear pretty dresses and skirts here. You would feel out of place if you dressed differently.”

With that, Joyce and Jim made their way out of the administration building. Along the way, Jim noticed more and more men wearing the camp “uniform” and became very distressed.

Seeing his anguish, Joyce said, “Don’t worry about the uniform dear. I’m sure you’ll look as good as any of them in your skirts.”

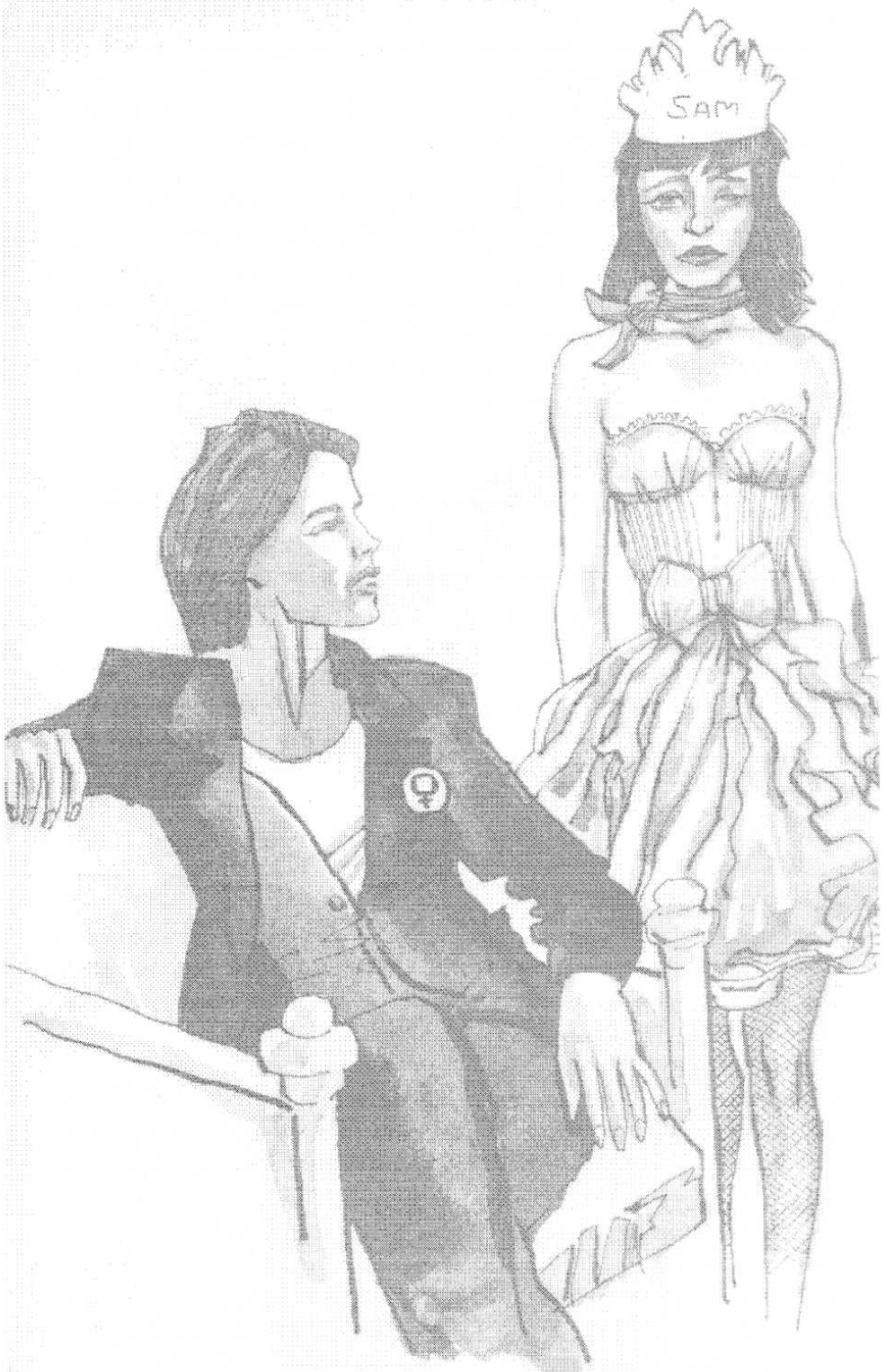
The rest of the day was involved in furniture moving and putting things away. The Taylor (formerly Berg) family didn’t have much time to dwell on the dress requirements of the community that so greatly concerned Jim and the boys.

The next day; however, things got into full swing. “You and the boys have an orientation seminar at ten o’clock,” Joyce advised Jim after eating the delicious breakfast he had prepared. “Do your best to maintain a positive attitude, and try to keep the boy’s spirits up as well. You’ve had adequate time to accustom yourself to the idea of wearing skirts, but we decided it was best to keep the truth from them as long as possible, you know.”

“Yes, I know dear,” he answered solemnly. “I’ll do my best.”

At the seminar, Sue Bristol stood before the group of men and boys in her blue jacket with its four regal gold bands and briefly but forcefully explained the rules and goals of the community. As the audience sat spellbound, she enthusiastically explained about skirted uniform requirements for males and the reasons behind the policy.

“Since the beginning of time, men have kept the world in a state of turmoil with wars, threats of wars, and economic upheaval. In a very short time under feminine rule, we have already made giant strides in proving our theories correct and in reversing that trend. Therefore, in our new society, you men and boys must undertake less aggressive occupations to diminish your desire to fight or to make war. Therefore, to help abate your natural combative tendencies, you will be required to wear skirts, dresses, and soft lingerie. That will allow females, who have always strived against war and other violent confrontations, to wear trousers and learn to be strong, kind, and impartial leaders. As you grow accustomed to the softer fabrics of your clothing



and to obeying feminine directives, your life will become less demanding, and you will evolve into a much more compassionate and understanding person.”

“A bit more on the subject of clothing. Your skirts will be a constant reminder of your position in the new society. They will help you accept the fact that gender roles here are radically reversed. What you once considered to be masculine is now feminine, and vice versa. These things will be very strange to you at first, but once you realize that our society is natural and correct according to nature, you will be a much happier person. In closing, I beseech every one of you to do your best to make the necessary adjustments, and in the end, we will have a much better and more peaceful world.”

That afternoon, Joyce and Abby stunned the males by showing up in trousers, jackets with gold trim, and short haircuts!

As usual since his layoff, Jim prepared dinner for the family, but this time, instead of doing the dishes himself, he assigned that duty to Gary and Jamie. Presenting each of them an apron, he said, “Doing the dishes will be your responsibility in the future, so you may as well start tonight. You both will also be helping with the washing, ironing, dusting, and making the beds. Therefore, I want you home and in your aprons immediately after school. On Saturdays, we will do the heavy cleaning and change the beds.”

“But Dad, we can’t spend all our time cleaning house!” Gary complained. “When will we have time to play ball and make friends with the other guys?”

“You won’t!” Joyce answered, intervening on the conversation. “In the new community, those are not fitting activities for boys. Here is a list of your new pursuits,” she ended by handing him a brochure with selected passages highlighted.

Gary looked it over, and blushed brightly as he read the subjects he would be taking in school. He read out loud, “Home Economics, Interior Decorating, Sewing, Cooking, Charm and Modeling Class, Makeup, and Hairdressing. Mom, there must be some mistake!”

“No mistake! These are some of the less aggressive occupations you will be taught to decrease your aggressive tendencies, so you had better get used to the idea. Don’t worry so. Tomorrow, you’ll be getting your skirted school uniforms, after which you will quickly accustom yourself to the new concepts.”

At her words, Gary was shocked, and Jamie's face was filled with confusion as they began to realize what they were in for. Even Jim looked pale and concerned. He put his hand on Jamie's shoulder and said, "Why don't you wait until we get there before you get yourself all worked up. We just have to change our ideas a bit, that's all."

"That's right!" Abby chimed in. "All the men and boys in the community will dress and act the same."

That evening as Joyce and Jim prepared for bed in their new bedroom for the first time, she put her arms around him and purred, "The boys will be looking to you for guidance and support, and you'll have to set an example for them. You will like we discussed, won't you?"

"Do I have a choice?" he asked.

"No, not really. Not unless you want to return to the old world to go broke and starve to death. All kidding aside, you really do want to make the adjustment for the boys as easy as possible, don't you?"

After a moment of silence, he sighed in total resignation, "I guess so. It's just that. . ."

"Then you won't mind sleeping in this," she insisted, cutting him off. To his great dismay, she was holding up a full length pink nylon nightgown that had been his favorite. . .on her that is!!!

"I can't wear that!" he exclaimed with great trepidation.

"Why not? You've always liked it on me! Anyway, you'll have to sooner or later. We discussed the clothing you and the boys would have to wear very thoroughly. You know this is the only we can prevent losing everything we've worked for over the years. Wearing a pretty soft nightgown won't make you any less of a man, so stop your bitching and put it on." When he reluctantly accepted the garment he considered totally feminine, she added in a hard and demanding voice, "And these matching panties as well!"

"This topsy turvy world of yours is getting me down!" he spat as he accepted the soft items. "Just don't tell the kids that I wore it!"

"Of course not dear," Joyce agreed as she entered the bathroom to put on her cotton pajamas and to allow him some privacy while he stepped into his first panties and pulled his first night-

gown over his head. When she returned and found him looking skeptically at himself in the full length mirror, she said, "You look very seductive in that sexy gown, and I love you so very much for making this sacrifice for our family." At that, she pulled him away from the mirror, took him in her arms, and kissed him hard on the lips.

As she led him onto the bed, he continued to complain, but she stroked his hair, and interrupted his protest with inviting kisses. "Calm down honey," she purred. "You'll be used to your new way of life in no time. After all, this is nature's way."

The two had a renewed honeymoon in their new house that night with Joyce holding nothing back in her effort to make him feel loved and desired. Even so, Jim spent a restless night worrying what strange changes the morrow would bring. To make matters worse, every time he would turn over, his long skirt would twist tightly about his legs. He would then have to rise up, and make adjustments before he could be comfortable again.

The next morning at breakfast, the Taylor males were very nervous and distraught. This was the day they were scheduled to wear skirts for the first time, and they were understandably nervous. Gary and Jamie had appointments at the clothing supply depot at ten o'clock, and Jim was to be there at two.

"I'm glad the boys are going together," thought Joyce. "That way, they'll be able to give each other moral support. I can appreciate that wearing skirts is a traumatic experience for boys. . .at least, I suspect, until they get used to wearing them full time."

"Do we really have to go to that place and be fitted with skirts Mom?" Jamie asked dejectedly. "I'm not a girl, and I don't want to wear skirts and dresses!"

"I'm afraid so son, but don't worry," she replied in a sympathetic tone. "We've been all through it. All men and boys will be wearing skirts, you know. If we don't abide by the rules, we will be sent away. If that happens, we'll lose everything including the old house because we no longer have a job on the outside. Do you want to go hungry? Anyway, in no time you'll wonder why you made such a big deal about wearing pretty clothes. Now, hurry along. You don't want to be late."

"What a choice! Wear dresses or starve!"

When the brothers arrived at the supply center, they entered between two tough looking SWAT officers. Not wanting to upset these intimidating women, they went quietly inside where they were greeted by a friendly clerk. Both boys gasped as they noticed that this young man was wearing a straight black skirt, nylon middy blouse, three inch pumps, gold hoop earrings, and perfect makeup.

“Good morning boys,” the clerk greeted them cheerfully. “Here to pick up your school uniforms?”

“I guess,” Gary hesitantly admitted as he stared in wonderment at this young man in his feminine outfit. “Will we have to wear a skirt like. . .like you?”

“Oh no!” he answered cheerfully, giving the boys a momentary cause for hope. “This the regulation working uniform for men! You’ll wear school uniforms with short pleated skirts and lower heels. Oh, your blouses will be similar, but that’s about all.” Checking their names off the roster, he instructed, “Follow me, and see for yourselves.”

“Are. . .are we going to have to put on dresses now?” a fearful and distraught Jamie asked.

“Not dresses!” the clerk explained in a forceful voice. “Skirts! There is a huge difference, and you had best learn that quickly. You are being issued your school uniforms. They consist of several skirts and blouses, a nice pinafore, a pair of shoes, and a small quantity of underwear. But, no dresses! If you want a dress you’ll have to ask your father to buy you one!”

“Well, excuse the hell out of me!” Jamie snapped in a sarcastic tone. “Sounds like the difference in pants and trousers to me!”

“Okay Mr. Smart Mouth, since you’re the wise one, you can go first!” spat the perturbed clerk. “Here, let me take a few measurements.”

Jamie stepped back in silent dissent.

“Alright Miss Smarty, if you don’t cooperate, I’ll summon the SWAT goons from just outside the door. When they assault your backside, you’ll learn first hand what that acronym stands for!”

Heeding the threat, Jamie held out his arms in resignation and let the skirt clad clerk do his work.

After determining the dimensions of Jamie’s waist, chest, and hips, the clerk handed the anxious youth a small stack of clothing

and instructed, "Go in there, and put these on. I'll be in shortly to see how you're doing." Turning to Gary with his tape measure, he added, "Now for you young man."

Feeling very dismayed, Jamie slowly walked into the dressing room, and angrily hurled the pile of clothing across the table and onto the floor. Plopping down in a chair, he buried his face in his hands and began sobbing in deep despair. He just couldn't bring himself to put on those awful feminine things!

"You haven't even undressed!" the clerk exclaimed as he entered the dressing room a few minutes later. "How do you expect to see how your pretty new things fit unless you put them on? Now hurry! You aren't the only one I have to outfit with school uniforms today! I'll give you a few minutes by going next door to help your brother, but if you haven't made significant progress when I return, I'll call in the SWAT squad. You won't be the first defiant boy those tough women have forcibly stripped and womanhandled into skirts!"

The clerk slammed the dressing room door on his way to help Gary, while his words about the SWAT women stripping him naked and making him wear a skirt despite his wishes, rang in Jamie's ears. Remembering his mother's words about cooperating, he slowly got up and started undressing. When he stepped into the soft white nylon panties and adjusted them at his hips, he shivered, and goose bumps crawled up his spine.

A few minutes later, an embarrassed Gary in his school blouse and mid thigh length skirt preceded the clerk back into Jamie's dressing room. They found an overwrought boy standing in the center of the room trying to button a soft nylon blouse. "This thing doesn't fit right," he complained.

"No wonder, you have it on backwards," the clerk pointed out. "The buttons go in the back."

"Oh," Jamie conceded in a puzzled voice as he slid it off his arms and stood before them in his short nylon slip. As he put it on correctly, he complained, "I can't reach the buttons in this stupid girl's blouse!"

"It's not a girl's blouse," the clerk informed him. "If it were it would have darts in front to make room for her breasts, and it would probably be made of cotton or some other durable fabric. See how this soft blouse is cut straight in front to fit the figure of a boy? Here, I'll button it for you this time, but you'll have to learn to do it for yourself in the future." When the blouse was properly buttoned, Jamie silently stepped into his first skirt,

pulled it to his waist, and started to fasten it in front like a pair of trousers. "Most skirts fasten at the left side, and this one is no different!" the clerk scolded a bit harsher this time.

A red faced Jamie complied by twisting the embarrassing garment a quarter turn, fastened the catch, and raised the zipper. "How was I to know!" he countered showing his mounting anger over having to wear the regulation blouse and skirt.

"Don't get hostile young man, or I will call SWAT and turn you over to those rough women! I don't have time for your foolishness. If I don't fulfill my quota, I'll end up across their lap with my skirt at my waist. Now, hurry and put on your shoes or I won't hesitate to call them!"

As Jamie buckled his shiny round toed flat heeled shoes over his folded down socks, he noticed that his older brother was wearing white nylons and shoes with two inch heels. "I don't know how Gary walks in those high heels!" he thought.

Back in the supply area, they were both issued two additional skirts and blouses identical to the ones they were wearing, another slip, a half slip, two pairs of panties (one pink and the other baby blue), a camisole, several pairs of socks (for Jamie), pantyhose (for Gary), a frilly white pinafore, and a white purse with a long shoulder strap.

"Why do we need all this stuff?" Jamie asked.

"Oh, you'll need a lot more," the clerk responded as he placed their new things in bags. "These things are just for school. Your father will have to purchase all your dresses, lingerie, and shoes for housework, social functions, play, and so forth. Also, your legs will look much nicer if you start shaving them. Now, exit by this door, I have a lot more boys to help with their school uniforms."

"Shave our legs, my ass!" Jamie spat!

"Don't you feel like a traitor strutting around in a skirt, high heels, and makeup and getting other boys to do the same thing?" Gary pointedly asked the clerk, taking a more diplomatic thrust.

"I said exit through this door!" the clerk exclaimed sharply, the question obviously striking a nerve.

"Where are our clothes, the ones we wore in here?" Jamie asked.

"You won't need them any longer, so they'll be distributed among the girls. Nothing goes to waste around the women that run this place."

As instructed, the two defeated brothers in their new skirted school uniforms hefted their heavy bags and made their way outside in a different direction from the way they entered. In their genius, the women in charge thought it best that the new boys should see as few males in skirts as possible until after they wore skirts themselves. Therefore, once a boy was wearing a skirt, he was sent out on the opposite side of the warehouse where he wouldn't be observed by those waiting in line for their own skirts.

"You look like a girl!" Jamie chided his brother who was teetering along clumsily on his unfamiliar heels.

"Look who's talking!" Gary rebutted.

"You both look like very nice boys who are properly dressed in your school uniforms," they heard someone say from behind them. As they turned, they saw a woman police officer in her trousered uniform smiling at them. "Don't worry! You'll grow accustomed to your new clothes in a week or so, and after that, you won't give them second thought. Anyway, I expect you'll want to look real pretty for your girlfriends."

They both blushed brightly but said nothing. Taking up their heavy bags, they headed home. As they made their way, Gary had to ask Jamie to slow down several times saying, "This skirt is awful, but these darn shoes are impossible!"

"Don't the two of you look nice!" Joyce exclaimed when Gary and Jamie reluctantly made their way into the house for the first time in their skirts. "Who would have ever thought I could have two such beautiful boys?"

"I would Mom!" Abby chimed in. "They are totally pre-cious in those cute skirts and frilly blouses, aren't they?"

"They certainly are! Come here and give me a hug, and be sure to kiss your father. He's very proud of you too."

Jim was still wearing pants, and he was astounded by how changed his sons appeared from only a few hours before. Not only were they pretty, they were quiet, modest, and docile. Would wearing skirts change him as much as it had apparently changed his sons? To make matters worse, Joyce expected him to kiss them! Slowly, but obediently, Jim gave each of the skirted boys a hug and a quick peck on the cheek.

“Let’s have a look at your new things!” Abby pleaded with her brothers. Then, after a quick shuffle through Gary’s bag, she exclaimed, “That’s all? Three skirts, a couple of blouses, a frilly pinafore, and a hand full of lingerie!”

“Don’t worry!” Joyce chimed in. “Those are just for school. While Daddy is being fitted for his new wardrobe this afternoon, we can take them shopping for a couple of cute house dresses and a serviceable pinafore style apron. Those nice things are for school, and they certainly can’t do dirty housework in them!”

Hearing his mother’s words, Jamie cried. “Do we really have to wear these awful clothes all the time Mom?”

“I’m afraid so son, but don’t be so alarmed. All the men and boys well be wearing similar things from now on.”

“Why do they want to make us into girls?”

“They don’t want you to be girls, sweetheart. Things are different here, that’s all. You see, for centuries men have made an awful mess of the world, and changing gender roles is the first step in setting things right. Under feminine rule, war, crime, poverty, and the like will be eliminated. It’s the law of nature for the female to be the dominant of the species, and once you grow accustomed to your new clothes, you’ll be much happier. You’ll see!”

“I won’t be happy wearing dresses and this sissy blouse!”

“Me neither!” Gary agreed, looking down at his feet. “Nor these dreadful high heels! My feet are already aching something awful!”

“Oh, you’ll get used to your new shoes before you know it, and you both will feel differently when some special girl starts telling you how attractive you are in your pretty new clothes. Now, come along, and let’s put your school things away in your rooms. Abby, you help Gary, and I’ll take care of our little Jamie.”

Before the boys realized what was happening, their mother and sister took up their bags and started up the stairs. When Jamie gave her a puzzled look, Joyce added, “Heavy work is no longer for men and boys sweetheart. From now on, males must undertake more sedate tasks and leave the heavy labor to females.”

Following a light lunch prepared by Jim, the family dispersed to their afternoon duties. Jim headed off to the clothing supply warehouse to claim his consignment of dresses, skirts, lingerie,

and shoes while the others went to a local mall to supplement the boy's meager wardrobe.

As one might imagine, both boys were very hesitant to leave the house in their school blouses and skirts, but Joyce was adamant. "Beginning Monday, you will be wearing your skirts to school along with all the other boys in the community, so now is a good time to accustom yourself to that fact. Also, since your school uniforms are much too nice for house work and play, we must buy some more serviceable clothing."

"That's right," Abby agreed. "Anyway, I'll bet the mall will be filled with boys looking for additional dresses and other things to complete their wardrobes of new clothes."

True to Abby's prediction, the clothing stores and specialty shops were overflowing with boys and their mothers, sisters, or fathers. With the assistance of a harried group of males in skirts, heels, and makeup, these people were trying to find nice formerly feminine clothing for their sons, brothers, and husbands. For their part, Gary and Jamie were astonished by the number of boys who were standing around in their slippers trying on dresses, skirts, and blouses on the sales floor because of the long lines at the dressing rooms.

Many times this phrase was heard, "Don't worry so, there's no one here except other boys trying on their pretty things!" Yes, the feminine leadership had done their job well. They had spread the word to the mothers, sisters, wives, and aunts on how to get their reluctant wards into skirts and lingerie with a minimum of commotion.

In the end, Gary and Jamie emerged from their first shopping trip at the new community with a pretty organdy dress for church and special occasions, two house dresses, two plain white pinafores, and an assortment of undies. Their worst time being when they were sent to the lingerie counter to select an assortment of colorful nylon full and half slippers, camisoles, teddies, and panties that they "would like to wear"!

When Jim had to try on his dresses and lingerie, he just went through the motions in a zombie like manner. After his discus-

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sions with Joyce, sleeping in a nylon nightie, and seeing his sons in their school skirts, he figured wearing dresses full time was inevitable. "Why fight it?" he surmised.

Quite a few of the men; however, complained loudly. Some of them even insisted that they wouldn't wear dresses. If they appeared too adamant, a couple of SWAT officers would pull them out of line and into another room. When they returned ten or fifteen minutes later, their eyes would be watering, and they caused no more difficulty. In fact, they almost eagerly tried on and modeled any item of former feminine clothing offered them. Further, if any of the other men asked what was the matter, the chastised one would look apprehensively at the SWAT guards and push them away with a warning, "Leave me alone!"

After acquiring four house dresses, several pairs of panties, slips, camisoles, teddies, nylon stockings, a pair of three inch pumps, and a leather purse, Jim was ready to make the trek home. As he went into the dressing room to prepare for his trip, a male clerk in a skirt, middy blouse, heels, and makeup held up a waist cinching garter belt and said, "You'll need this yo make your figure more attractive and to hold up your nylons. Oh yes, one more thing. Your legs will look much nicer after you shave them."

Finally, leaving his pants, shirt, cotton briefs, socks, and heavy shoes behind, he exited the supply depot in a mint green floral house dress over the uncomfortably tight waist cinch, panties, slip, and white nylons. Stumbling in his unaccustomed heels, he picked up his purse with the valuables that had arrived in his pockets and made his way out onto the street. When he finally arrived home, he had to slip off his shoes. As he massaged his aching toes, he wondered, "How did I get in this awful mess?"

That evening, things were really different in the Taylor household. The males were doing housework in crisp house dresses, plain white pinafores, and heels while Joyce and Abby read, watched television, and talked about the wonderful changes that were taking place since women took charge.

"Isn't it nice to be able to relax at the end of a busy day while the men hustle around with their cute skirts fluttering while they prepare dinner and do the other housework," Abby observed.


"Yes, but remember not to tease or make fun of them," Joyce cautioned. "We must make every effort to make them feel

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natural and at ease in their new role, or they might rebel. At this critical transition time, the community certainly doesn't need a riot on its hands!"

"Sure Mom, I'll be careful. We were lectured to act as though men and boys wearing skirts and doing housework is completely normal and natural."

"See that you do, especially with Jamie. He's having the hardest time of the three accepting the changes. Your father has had a couple of months to reconcile himself to the idea of the new customs and manner of dress, and Gary is still in too much shock to cause trouble. That's why I took charge of Jamie at the mall and when we put his things away in his room. I knew I could control him better and treat his dilemma more somberly."

“I know Mom, Gary has been sort of like a zombie since he came home in his school uniform this morning. I won’t tease them, but aren’t they the cutest. . . especially the way they blush when they see us watching them!”

“Yes, they certainly are,” agreed Joyce with a satisfied smile. They certainly are!”

After dinner, Jim instructed Jamie to vacuum the downstairs while he and Gary cleared the table and did the dishes. When they were alone in the kitchen, he had a chance to look more closely at his cutely dressed son. “How did it go today?” he asked.

“It was horrible, Dad,” Gary admitted. “We had to take our clothes off and try on our school skirts and blouses with that pompous clerk helping us. Then, we had to walk home in our school uniform and these awful high heel shoes. After lunch, Mom and Abby took us to the mall and made us buy these house dresses and a bunch of other feminine things. Abby even made me pick out my own panties, slips, and stuff! I tell you Dad, I’ve never been more embarrassed in my life!”

“I know what you mean,” Jim concurred. “The thing that bothers me the most is the way the women act as though it’s perfectly natural for us to dress this way. I don’t know why, but it really irks me for them to regard skirts as normal attire for men and boys.”

Gary nodded in agreement. “Do you feel different in skirts, like. . . like you have become someone else?” he asked, trying to express his strange feelings and determine if other males shared his emotions.

“Yes, but it’s more than the clothes,” Jim answered. “I don’t know exactly how express it, but I think the attitude of the women here is responsible for making me feel different. You know, it’s like they think I’m soft, dependent, and helpless just because they have the power to make me wear dresses. At least, I no longer have the responsibility for supporting my family, and that’s quite a load off my shoulders. . . even if I do have to wear dresses and skirts!”

The following Monday, the Taylor boys walked to school in their new uniforms along with all the boys of the community. Seeing these other boys in like quandary making their way

toward the school made them slightly less self conscious, but they still weren't totally at ease in their skirts and soft blouses.

Upon registering and viewing their class schedule, they got another surprise as very few of their subjects resembled those they had taken before. For instance, Gary found that he was to take Comportment, Personal Grooming, Ballroom Dancing, Home Economics, History, and Basic Office Skills. "Boy!" he thought. "This is sure a different kind of school!"

In Comportment, the boys were met by a woman wearing a regulation uniform and a blue jacket with two gold stripes on the sleeve. Standing before them, she said, "You boys look very nice in your skirts." After a chorus of groans, she continued, "That is more or less the kind of reaction I expected from you this morning. Throughout your lives, you have been told that skirts are improper wear for males, and in your defense, I admit that the practice carried certain sexual connotations about men or boys who did so. And, as evidenced by your reaction just now, that attitude still exists in your minds.

"My purpose here today is to convince you that those values and concepts no longer hold true. The purpose of your wearing skirts and soft lingerie is to serve as a constant reminder that you should become pretty, soft, compliant, demure, and much less aggressive. Whether you like it or not, the world is rapidly changing, and to fit in, you must forget the old taboos, accept the new customs, and direct your energies toward being good and faithful helpmates to the women in your lives. Now, be very attentive and cooperative as your instructor and his assistant teach you some valuable lessons."

As she left the room, a man and a boy not much older than those in the class wearing tight black skirts, nylon middy blouses, and three inch heels walked to the front of the room. After introducing themselves, the two really took charge. First the boys were instructed to put on their frilly pinafores and to wear them at all times during class and their plain ones at home. Then, with meticulous attention to detail, they taught the boys taught to walk, stand, and sit correctly in their skirts. To assure perfection, they made the group practice each maneuver, together and individually until they could execute them reasonably well.

Worst of all from the boy's standpoint was the way they were chastised whenever they slouched in their seats or allowed their knees to part. Gary cringed when he heard the words, "That is a most ungentlemanly way to sit! What if some girl or woman

should see under your skirt?" After that he tried to remember to sit correctly.

In Personal grooming, the boys were introduced to light makeup as they received lessons in the application of blush, eyeliner, and lipstick. To help them in this regard, they were issued a supply of these items for convenient use. Also, they were instructed in the art of shaving their legs and underarms. They were also told that they would be taught to style their hair when it grew out to a more 'masculine' length.

Ballroom Dancing was very much as one would imagine and was their only class with girls. While the girls in trousers were taught to lead, the boys in skirts were instructed to "feel and follow" their partners in direct contrast to past traditions.

Home Economics was a study of keeping house, with initial lessons in laundry, dusting, and ironing. For starters, each boy had to iron a handkerchief, but they were told that they would progress to a nylon half slip by the end of the week. Then, they would learn about iron temperatures as well as the proper technique for ironing more complicated items of clothing. "Ask your mother or sisters to let you do the ironing at home as your skill increases," the instructor suggested. "They can also give you some valuable tips, although they won't be doing much ironing in the future."

History was a study in itself! As one might expect, the text excluded men and covered the accomplishments of famous and infamous women of the past. Included in this study were intricate details about such notables Queen Victoria, Margaret Thatcher, Eleanor Roosevelt, Florence Nightingale, Golda Mier, Cleopatra, and Patricia Wardlaw, the first woman president of the United States. (As you know at this reading, she was the first in a long unbroken line of woman presidents.) The instructor cleverly brought home the point that these women and countless others had succeeded in greatly improving their world despite masculine interference.

"These women would have done much better if they had been given free reign and had not been sabotaged by the jealous, insecure, prejudiced males of their time," she proudly pronounced. "All that; however, will now change. Women of the world will finally get the chance they deserve to take their natural dominant positions. You boys will have the distinct privilege to be the first to support them by being loving homemakers. You

can further do your part by educating and influencing your children on these facts. Right from birth, you can teach them to assume their rightful position in society according to their sex.”

The boys sat quietly listening to this new history, completely unaware that they were being cleverly brainwashed and readied for a submissive future.

In Basic Office Skills, the boys were told that they would start with learning to be a receptionist. Courtesy, both in person and on the telephone, would be stressed. As they learned, they would progress to typing, filing, and word processing. Also, they were told that no receptionist or secretary was worth his salt unless he could brew and serve coffee just the way his female boss preferred.

“Boy, you should see the classes I have to take!” Gary exclaimed to Jamie as they walked home together with their pleated blue skirts swirling about their thighs in the light breeze that afternoon. “I even have to wear makeup and shave my legs!”

“I figured something like that when I saw your lipstick and nail polish,” Jamie commiserated, completely unaware of the subtle blush and eyeliner his brother also wore. “This new society is tough on me too. I have to sew a lace border on a frilly hankie for tomorrow’s homework!”

As the boys walked along, a slight change could already be seen in their movements. This was mostly due to their extensive practice session in class, but in Gary’s case, his heels forced him to take shorter, more elegant steps. The absence of pockets in their skirts made it necessary to carry purses and also influenced them to carry their arms looser and more primly.

While the boys were learning their new lessons in how to become soft submissive helpmates, the girls were being taught to be strong aggressive leaders. The almost sudden promotion of women to “superior sex” brought on conflicting emotions for the females as well as the men. Most girls over the age of puberty had already developed a firm viewpoint about gender roles, and all that had to be erased. Indeed, a whole new attitude had to be learned, accepted, and adopted.

With that in mind, physical education was aimed at developing character and self confidence. Through rough competitive games and exercises that produced muscular growth and coordi-

nation, the girls were being taught to walk with poise and assurance, strutting with free strides in their trousers.

At first, this did not come easy to the girls. Their new crude garments felt as strange to them as skirts and lingerie did to the boys. However, humans love being told that they are stronger and better than others. Playing on that, the girls were made to feel superior in every way. Intellectually, they would even be better educated than the boys as their classes covered such subjects as mathematics, science, accounting, economics, and astronomy. So you see, the girls were being trained to become physically stronger than the boys and mentally prepared to assume positions of leadership in society as well as the home. They would become the doctors, lawyers, architects, engineers, chemists, bankers, astronauts, presidents, senators, governors, mayors, and business leaders of the future.

Most of the girls found their change of status exciting, although they did resent their tight neckties and warm jackets in the beginning. As they grew accustomed to their new clothes, they were taught how to properly react to the male sex. They were carefully instructed to help the boys with their adjustment, thus proving their superiority. Compliments, instead of scorn, persecution, or harassment, were encouraged to help the males make even slight improvements in comportment or dress.

In class, the instructors all suggested a similar line, "Buy them a bracelet, a necklace, or some other trinket or bangle as a gift. Suggest a ribbon for their hair, or praise them when they walk nicely with rolling hips. Help them realize that being 'sissy' is now a desirable trait for males, not a condition to be avoided like the plague as in the old days. Remember how you wanted to be treated, and treat them the same way. They need your help and encouragement now, more than ever. As they develop the proper attitude in our society, they will automatically contend for your attention and approval. Above all else, keep in mind that the male must be subordinate to the female, just as they depend on females to propagate the race!"

Further, the girls were encouraged not to help with the household chores. "You should be glad to be rid of that drudgery," their instructors would say. "In our new society, you have more important responsibilities. For instance, you must prepare yourselves to become the head of your household, to earn the living, and to rule over your husband and children with a firm loving hand. Men are the weaker sex both emotionally and

intellectually, and we must learn to keep them in line while providing the necessary food, clothing, shelter, and guidance.”

These sentiments were repeated over and over in many different ways until the girls dismissed their former training and began to assert themselves with enthusiasm and confidence.

In the Taylor home, things were now in full reversal! The females were now entrenched in trousers and the males in skirts. Still, the changes went much deeper. While Jim prepared dinner in his house dress and heels, Gary asked Abby to teach him to iron and to apply mascara. She in turn asked him to show her how to start the lawn mower.

As Gary did the ironing, he noticed that his mother and sister no longer wore soft nylon panties like the males of the household, but cotton briefs or boxer shorts instead. Even their bras were much plainer than before!

Joyce watched with a satisfied smile as Jamie sat quietly with his knees properly together beneath his skirt doing his sewing project after he finished doing the dishes. Things were equally traumatic for Gary who was upstairs shaving his legs for the first time. The same was true for Jim who was busy packing his old clothes away for redistribution by the community.

As Abby was in her room packing her old feminine things away, she commented to her mother, “Since I won’t be wearing this soft frilly stuff any longer, I wonder if Gary and Jamie can put any of it to use. I’m sure a lot of it would fit them, and if you could get them to try them on, we would save quite a bit of money. You know how expensive these ‘little nothings’ are, and there’s no sense giving them away if the boys can put them to use.”

“You’re right!” Joyce agreed wholeheartedly. “That’s an excellent idea! I’ll go get them while you lay the things you think they can wear on your bed.”

Moments later the two boys in their house dresses and aprons were about to precede their mother up the stairs when she reprimanded them, “For the same reason you sit with your knees together, always let a girl or woman go up stairs first so she can’t see under your skirt. You should go downstairs first for the same reason. I know all this is new and strange to you, but you must guard against being conspicuous lest you get a bad reputation.”

“Yes Mom,” they replied in unison as they followed her up the steps.

In Abby's room, the boys were quickly stripped to their panties despite their objections and embarrassment. Jamie was especially vocal about being so skimpily dressed in front of the females, even if they were his mother and sister. Finally, at the threat of a severe spanking, both boys obediently tried on a vast assortment of dresses and lingerie that Abby had once worn. If something was too small for Gary, it was passed on to Jamie, and vice versa until they went through the entire assortment. In the end, the wardrobe of both boys had been substantially increased.



While trying on item after item that he still considered to be extremely feminine, Jamie lapsed into a quiet sullen mood.

Gary, on the other hand, appeared quite fascinated with his new clothing and had only one objection. "I can't wear these slips under my soft blouses to school," he protested. "The cups at the bosom will show, and everyone would know I'm wearing girl's clothes!"

"I see what you mean," Joyce mused as she pondered the problem.

"He could wear them under his house dresses and pinafores at home," Abby suggested. "That way, they wouldn't be noticeable, and he could still get the use out of them."

"Excellent idea!" Joyce exclaimed with a bright smile. "That's what you can do. Wear the slips and dresses you inherited from your sister for housework, and save your good clothes for school and other dressy occasions!"

"Do we really have to wear all this girly stuff Mom?" Jamie whined, very near tears.

"This clothing is no longer girly stuff!" Joyce corrected her unhappy son. "Everything here is very masculine in our new

society. Besides, all the boys wear pretty dresses, skirts, and lingerie, don't they?"

Filled with despair, Jamie only nodded.

Then, you know the answer, and that is, of course you have to wear these clothes. Now, dry your tears, and bring your new things to your room. I have to show you about your bedtime beauty ritual while Abby shows Gary."

In short order, the two brothers were wearing pretty colorful nylon babydoll nighties and massaging moisturizing cream into their faces, arms, legs, and bodies.

Later, Joyce was pleasantly surprised when Jim put on his pink nightgown from the night before without argument or comment, or without even a suggestion from her! Seeing his compliant attitude, she wondered, "Did wearing a dress and soft undies all afternoon make him feel that he should sleep in a nightgown, or has he already come to enjoy the feel of nylon against his skin?"

As Jim adjusted the gown about his body, she grabbed him by the waist, bent him over backwards, and kissed him hard. He tried to regain his balance and push her away, but she held him in place and pushed her tongue deep into his mouth. Becoming aroused with her aggressive maneuvers, he felt himself responding and returning her kisses. His arms, having nowhere else to go, went around her neck while his body arched forward, making maximum contact. Joyce noticed his reaction and began to inch the soft skirt of his gown upward.

"Say you love me in pants," she whispered in his ear.

"I love you," he mumbled.

"In pants?" she persisted.

Jim was getting more and more aroused as his wife was now massaging his buttocks through his panties. Sensing he would get no farther until he answered positively, he replied tersely, "Yes! In pants. . .even in those damn pants!"

"I love you. . .I love you so much!" Joyce purred softly upon hearing the desired answer. She then slowly guided him to bed and turned out the lamp with her free hand. Thus, the day ended in great bliss. Although for Jim, the act of love resulted in a different kind of satisfaction from the old days.

The next morning, the Taylor's arose bright and early to get ready to face the world in their new roles. Joyce and Abby pulled

on their shirts, pants, socks, and shoes, and they were dressed. In the bathroom, they brushed their teeth, combed their short hair, and they were ready.

For the three males; however, the story was quite different! For instance, not only did Gary have to put on panties, slip, soft back-buttoning blouse, skirt, and heels, he had to brush his hair into a neat style, pin in a ribbon into his locks, and make an attempt to apply makeup to his face. Finally, in desperation and with much embarrassment, he went to Abby for help.

After helping her distraught brother and giving him a few pointers about makeup and its application, Abby advised, "Pay close attention to your instructors in class, and you'll have an easier time tomorrow. You'll be wearing makeup from now on, you know."

Shortly thereafter, the members of the Taylor family went their separate ways, Abby to college and Joyce to work, both in pants, Gary and Jamie to school in skirts, and Jim to homemaking and makeup class in one of his newly acquired house dresses.

To his surprise, Jim found the classes in cooking, sewing, and laundry to be quite interesting. "I guess it's because these things are my job now, and I want to do them right," he surmised. "Anyway, they are sort of a challenge. So is learning to move, walk, and sit in a skirted garment." He also had to grow accustomed to seeing a room full of men in dresses and the instructors in their attractive middy blouses, skirts, and heels.

Worst of all were the makeup classes where the men were totally inept at this formerly feminine ritual. "Don't worry," the male instructor advised. "Just concentrate on the basics. . . foundation, blush, and lipstick, and you'll get by in the short term. We will be covering the other aspects of makeup in the days and weeks to come, so there's plenty of time for everyone to become quite proficient. Just be sure to practice what you learn at home. Wear the makeup you have learned to apply at all times except when you are in bed." After a pause, he added, "Okay! If you have a special purpose in mind, it's alright to wear it to bed, but be sure to get up to remove your cosmetics, cleanse, and moisturize your face afterward!"

That comment brought a chorus of laughter, after which the men felt more relaxed and at ease.

Gary went through the same classes as before, having to practice walking, moving, and sitting in his skirt. "Remember to take short steps and move your body gracefully from the hips," the instructor advised. Some of the boys were still self-conscious and uncertain in their heels, but Gary was beginning to find the exercise easier. To his delight, he was even praised several times for his efforts.

In history, they heard a lecture on old cultures where the female had always been the dominant sex. They did all the fighting and providing of food and clothing while the men cared for the children, the home, and prepared the food and drink for their mistresses.

The boys listened intently as the teacher made the subject quite interesting. They were fascinated, if not somewhat confused, that these cultures from the past could frame their own modern futures. There was no doubt that the curriculum was having a pronounced effect on these boys. Their clothing and activities had been closely controlled and guided, but most remarkable was the small amount of alienation or resistance that was encountered. This was attributed to the clever way the conversion was handled by the community administration, the expert handling of the teachers, and the boy's own female relations. These matters, combined with the strange feelings they experienced in their new restrictive clothing and demure activities, seemed to produce a mesmerizing influence. It certainly had dampened their former wild, aggressive behavior in short order!

The walking lessons stressing hip swaying, dainty arm movements, limp wrists, and their unaccustomed heels forcefully reminded the boys of their new mannerisms. The class on clothes coordination had surprisingly resulted in many questions and much interest in these matters. Was it because this was so new to them, or could it be that the concept of feminine rule was natural and correct. At any rate, they went along. With their anxiety over having to wear skirts and lingerie that they considered to be ultra-feminine, they apparently didn't realize what was being done to them mentally!

As the weeks passed, both males and females began to grow accustomed to their new roles and the clothing they were expected to wear with amazing speed. The women came to one another through their jobs and professional organizations. The men met in housekeeping, makeup, and baby care classes as well

as garden societies, bridge clubs, and the like. These activities were cleverly organized by the women to bring the men together in their dresses and skirts and thereby make them more at ease to be so dressed.

The teenagers met at dance class, and as they became better acquainted, the girls began asking the boys out on dates. To Gary's delight, he was one of the first! A really cool and handsome girl named Grace asked him out to a movie on Saturday night. "We can go by the hangout to get a bite to eat and dance a while after the movie if you like," she added with a smile.

"Sounds like fun!" Gary purred while blushing through his makeup.

"Mom, Grace asked me out on a date, and I don't have anything to wear except my school skirts and these old house dresses!" Gary exclaimed that night. "Please let me go shopping for a new dress Saturday morning. I need to do something about my hair too! It's growing out, and I can hardly do a thing with it at this length!"

"Alright, alright!" Joyce replied. "If it means that much to you, call for an appointment at the beauty salon. Your father can accompany you, and when you're through at the hairdressers, he can go with you to the mall to look for a nice dress."

"Oh, thank you Mom!" he squealed in a high pitched shrill and hugged her tightly. "You're the best Mom in the whole world! By the way, can I have my hair lightened? I think I'd look cute as a California blonde."

"Cute, huh?" she answered with surprise that he would use such words, especially in reference to himself. "Okay, but don't over do it."

"What's wrong with Gary?" Jamie wondered in disbelief as he watched his brother bound up the stairs with his skirt bouncing merrily about his smooth hairless legs. "He asked, no he begged for a new dress and a blonde hairdo. Boy, I'd never do anything like that. I don't care how long they make me wear dresses or what some girl thinks!"

Saturday was an exciting day for Gary to say the least! In his nicest house dress, he attended a beauty parlor for the first time and departed with a golden blonde semblance of a pageboy hairstyle. His hair was still a bit too short to arrange in the strictly

traditional style, but the male hairdressers did a very credible job with the locks at their disposal. They also did his lipstick and nail polish in a brighter red saying, "Darker red goes better with your new blonde color."

At the boutique, he convinced Jim to buy him a stylish red silk dress with a low cut back, a tight waist, and a flaring mid thigh length skirt that was held out by its own petticoat. Jim thought the dress was a bit too dressy for a casual date, but Gary pleaded with him. In the end, Gary not only got the dress, but a matching slip, panties, garter belt, ultra sheer nylons, and red three inch satin pumps as well!

"That dress is too elegant!" Joyce remarked when Gary modeled it for her. "You should have bought something more casual."

"But Mom, don't you think Grace will like me in this dreamy dress?" he asked.

"I think she'll like you too much," she replied. "That's the problem! You had better behave yourself tonight young man, or you'll be grounded until Christmas!"

"Oh, I will Mom, I promise!"

Jamie, wearing a green tunic dress and a white blouse under his pinafore, answered the door when Grace rang the bell. "Hi, I'm Grace, you must be Jamie," she proclaimed as she stepped into the living room in a pair of grey slacks, a white shirt, a blue blazer, a red tie, and a pair of black formerly men's shoes. In turn, Jamie introduced her to his parents.

"Nice to meet you Grace," Joyce said. "Gary will be ready presently."

When Gary made his entrance, Grace rose to her feet and whistled. "You're a real doll, and you look lovely in that new dress and hairstyle. With you on my arm, I'll be the envy of all the girls!"

Gary blushed, very much pleased with his appearance and turned on his heels for all to see. As he did so, his full short skirt billowed up to reveal the hem of his lacy petticoat and an attractive expanse of nylon covered thigh.

"Make sure you have him home by eleven thirty!" Joyce declared, ignoring his brazen display.

Gary reddened and pleaded, "Mother! Give us till midnight, at least. Please!"

Ignoring his plea, Joyce turned to Grace and said, "I want my son home at a decent hour, not out on the town getting a bad reputation."

"I'll see that he's home on time, Ms. Taylor," Grace promised.

Outside when Grace opened the car door for him, Gary's heart fluttered. He had a feeling of being protected and reveled in the sensation. As he sat, held his skirt, and turned into the car as he had been taught, he was pleased to have such a handsome escort. As Grace slid under the wheel, Gary adjusted his skirt over his nylon covered thighs and wondered if that was the way girls did it when they wore dresses.

After the movie, a romantic comedy in which the men wore pants and the women dresses, the two left the theater in a confused state of mind. However, when they arrived at the hangout and found the opposite, they relaxed and enjoyed themselves. When they danced to the slow tunes, Grace felt Gary's supple body against hers. His skirt was whirling, and heels were keeping perfect time with her rhythmic steps. The closeness fired her emotions, and she stole a kiss on his neck and then his lips. He closed his eyes in complete surrender, forgetting where he was and what onlookers might be thinking.

All too soon though, Gary's curfew approached, and the pair had to leave. In the car, Gary slid close to Grace and laid his head on her shoulder. She drove home with her free arm tightly around him as his body relaxed against hers. Whenever they stopped at a traffic light, she would kiss him passionately until car horns sounded off loudly behind them.

At the door, she kissed him again, this time hard and hungrily. Holding him tight, she caressed his bare back, and her hands roamed down onto his buttocks. Gary felt his masculinity respond painfully against his restrictive garments, and he instinctively pressed his hips forward, tightly against hers.

"I'd better go in," he gasped when she finally released him. "Mom might be waiting up."

"Alright" Grace conceded. "Good night. I had a great time."

"Oh yes," he gasped as she walked confidently away in her trousers. "I had a wonderful evening!"

Once inside, Gary stood quietly in the dark hall trying to collect himself. His emotions were overwhelmed! He had never been involved in heavy petting like this with a girl in the old days, and he was experiencing a feeling of euphoria as never before. He could only hope that this sense of being lovingly subdued would never end. Quietly, not wanting to expose his vulnerability to the others, he went to his room where he could savor these new and delightful feelings.

A knock at the door; however, brought him out of his reverie. "May I come in?" his mother asked softly.

"You're already in!" he exclaimed in a perturbed voice. "What is it?"

"I just wanted to hear about your date," she answered while observing his smeared lipstick. "How was it?"

"We went to a movie and then to the hangout to dance. It was a lot of fun."

"What a long way we have come in such a short time," she thought. Then out loud, she chastised, "Your lipstick is pretty well smeared young man!"

"Grace kissed me good night at the door," he admitted.

After a pause while Joyce reflected on how Jim had manhandled her while saying 'Goodnight' in days gone by, she advised, "A goodnight kiss is okay, but be careful not to let it go too far! Remember, you want to maintain your dignity while keeping your date's respect."

"Yes Mom," he answered dutifully. "I'll remember."

As the months went by, a girl named Marcia began paying a lot of attention to Jamie, and despite himself, he began looking back. One day he came downstairs to walk to an afternoon movie with her in a cute sleeveless yellow minidress. He had bought this dress under protest, and now, he was wearing it of his own free will! His attractive dress was accented with a beaded necklace and a gold bracelet. Dressing neatly when Marcia was around wasn't unusual for him, but this time he had borrowed Gary's lipstick, blush, and eyeliner!

Watching her youngest son walk down the street along side Grace, who kind of sauntered along nonchalantly with her hands in the pockets of her jeans, Joyce remarked to Jim, "Well, it looks as though all is right with the Taylor family in the community of

feminine rule. Jamie has finally accepted his inevitable role in society, and by all appearances, he's quite happy!"

The rest, as they say, is history. Skirts and dresses are now common for men and boys, and several new generations who have known nothing else have come and gone. The world is at peace. War, crime, and poverty are a thing of the past. You can argue that the world didn't change quite the way we speculated in this narrative, but you can't deny that it did change!

Men have become soft and supportive of the females in their life to the point that they rarely complain or cause trouble. In fact, only a mild outcry was heard when they were deprived of the right to vote a dozen or so years ago. Even that mild rebellion was quickly and easily crushed when they were told that since men were ignorant of politics and always voted as their wives or girlfriends directed, the move would cut the total vote in half and save the pollsters a lot of work, not to mention counting.

In reality, women knew the real reason was because the beginning of their ascent to power was when they were accorded the right to vote. They also knew that denying men this privilege would keep them in their place, and in their proper skirts for at least the next few centuries.

Live it up! The world is safe and secure for a long time to come.

END OF TRANSMISSION. . .

If you liked this story, let me know!

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